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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

SOCIAL CHANGE IN ENGLAND

SOCIAL changes in England, especially in the manners and habits of the younger generation, have recently been the theme of a newspaper debate in the London *Times*. The discussion was started by a letter from an 'Old Etonian,' who deplored the disappearance of top-hats, stiff collars, and the formal habits of dress which these typified, and of old customs and sports, including cricket. He deplored the current popularity of soft hats, soft collars, lounging clothes, easy manners, and lawn tennis, as their unworthy successors. Although 'Old Etonian' had some supporters, the weight of opinion seemed to be against him. Perhaps the most trenchant rejoinder is by a correspondent who writes: —

What really annoys 'Old Etonian' is that the young men of to-day are ostensibly working. The class in which he and I were brought up were taught that, apart from the Devil, the Church of Rome, and Mr. Gladstone, the wickedest thing in England was the 'workingman'; echoes of that silly and mischievous doctrine have reached us in the last four months. One was supposed to live without 'working for money'; if one received a salary, one must find it inadequate to live on; money one must have, and credit, but the money must come from one's parents, the Turf, or some other source. There were a few exceptions. Curates and bishops were supposed to live on their stipends; rectors and vicars not. If you played cricket well, you might live by it without loss of prestige, so long as you did not become a 'professional cricketer.' And of late years stories of the fabulous sums which changed hands on the Stock Exchange have tempted 'Old Etonian's' predecessors to admit that a gentleman might be connected, though not too closely, with that body so long as he did not appear to know anything about business until the ladies had left the room, and then gave a few tips to the men.

The visible effect of all this horror of honest work was sartorial. Men were expected to be continually changing their clothes, so that there should be no indication in the evening of what they did during the day. They were expected to play cricket (in suitable clothes) or to watch it (in suitable clothes) for days on end, to show that they had leisure, and to spend hours (in suitable clothes) at the tables of idle women, 'hostesses,' for no reason that is now very easy to discern.

Those of us who have come back from the war have now a horror of 'eye-wash.' We have to work hard — I work myself for twelve or fourteen hours daily, and usually for seven days a week — and we have little time for cricket or for 'hostesses.' We have learned how serious life can be, and how amusing; but we can see nothing either amusing or serious in the substitute for 'life' recommended by such as 'Old Etonian.'

'An Octogenarian' adds his contribution to this effect: —

A six-months' residence at a seaside hotel has lately brought me into contact with a

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good many young men, from the 'fine flower' of public schools and universities to the offspring of newly enriched tradesmen, who have had no such advantages. These latter are sometimes (not always) insufferable young 'bounders'; the former, despite changes in dress and manners, to which allusion has been made, are still in the main courteous, civil young gentlemen. Any deterioration in their manners is, I believe, as much due to the young women as to themselves. The modern girl; half-dressed, loud-voiced, cigarette-smoking, and bumptious-mannered, is at present an unlovely object, to whatever social rank she belongs; and at present, I am sorry to say, she is found in all grades of society. When she mends her manners young men will mend theirs.

Economic changes are doubtless accelerating these social changes. Heavy taxation is forcing many ancestral estates into the market and thereby undermining the prestige of the country families who are the staunchest upholders of tradition. Recently the Duke of Portland said: —

> With regard to my own case, it may, or it may not, be possible for me and my family to continue to reside at Welbeck; but I fear that there can be but little doubt (I hope I am wrong) that those who come after me will be unable to do so: It is of no use whatever blinking the fact, however disagreeable it may be, and it is of no use deceiving either one's self or the country, that if the present high rate of taxation continues, and if the present scale of death-duties is maintained, there must be a wholesale closing down of the larger country houses, if not now, at all events when the present generation passes away.

Commenting upon this, the London *Evening Standard* observes: —

> In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries Italy was a land of palaces; in the seventeenth century it had become, in the classic language of the picture-auction catalogues, a 'landscape with ruins.' The transformation was not the work of barbarian destruction; only a fraction of it proceeded from the actual ravages of war. It was a result of the economic legacy of war.

Does a similar fate threaten the English countryside?

The British press has cited many specific instances where, after paying taxes, large estates have become an actual finanical burden to their owners. The Duke of Bedford submitted not long ago to the London *Times* a sworn statement, certified to by a reputable firm of auditors, showing that in 1920 his estate of 16,000 acres showed a deficit of 2518 pounds sterling. Sir Rider Haggard, who is regarded as an authority on land-problems, has issued a warning to the effect that, 'few, if any, landed properties are now capable even of paying their way, and therefore no one who has not other resources, or who is not able to earn money in some fashion, can continue to live upon them.' He asserts further that this state of affairs extends also to small land-owners who work their own property, and especially to those who have paid for it with borrowed capital, — which is equally true of many a farmer in our own wealthier agricultural states, provided he bought his farm with borrowed money at the prices demanded for such property during the war.

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RUMANIA'S POLITICAL PROBLEMS

THE Bucharest correspondent of the *Journal de Genève* views the present political situation in Rumania with the eyes of a pessimist. Before the war, some 2000 great proprietors, or *boyards*, owned practically the entire area of the old kingdom, which they administered as absentee landlords, mostly through Jewish bailiffs. The latter fact helps to explain the unpopularity of the Jews in that country. While the forms of popular suffrage were observed, members of both houses of Parliament were practically appointed rather than elected.

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When the war came, there was a complete revolution, and the peasants suddenly came to the top. They were converted into freeholders by a radical land-reform and given the right to vote. Simultaneously, some 3,000,000 former subjects of Austria and of Russia, none of whom had much political training, were added to the body of electors. These people have found new radical — not entirely disinterested — leaders, who are as incompetent as legislators and administrators as the people themselves are incompetent as citizens. The nation realizes that it is 'neither governed, administered, nor organized.' Scandals in public office are disclosed almost daily by the sensation-loving press of Bucharest. As a result, the masses have lost confidence in their governors, and there is a dangerous sullenness which may manifest itself in an explosion at any time. General Averescu, who was the peasants' idol a year ago, has lost his prestige. Happily the country will have an abundant harvest. 'It is no exaggeration to say that the future of Averescu's cabinet will depend largely upon his success in organizing transportation of grain so that it can be exported profitably for the peasants and for the government.

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ECONOMIC RIVALRY IN CENTRAL EUROPE

ANYTHING resembling an official Franco-German business alliance seems incredible in these days; yet that is the dire possibility which looms over the northern horizon in the minds of some Italians. *Il Giornale d'Italia* prints a sensational article apropos of the activities of Hugo Stinnes in the territories of the former Hapsburg monarchy, in which it more than hints at an understanding between the Stinnes group and the group headed by the French captain of industry and Minister of Reparations, Loucheur. Not only is this industrial alliance alleged to be absorbing the metallurgical industries of old Austria, but it is extending its designs to Russia.

The policy of Briand and his Minister of Reparations is apparently to work upon the following lines: Ensure the payment of the indemnity by Germany, and then come to an understanding with that country upon a continental policy designed to crush competing industries in other countries and to gain economic control of Russia.

This journal supports its conjectures by citing many specific events in the recent industrial and financial history of Europe.

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BORDERLAND RUMORS FROM RUSSIA

MISS MELLOR, the English schoolmistress, who has recently reached Warsaw from the Ukraine, confirms reports already received of conditions in that portion of former Russia. Grandiose reforms were constantly inaugurated, but never reached the stage of practical realization. At Bielo Tserkoff, where she was stationed, the local Communists would decide, for instance, that the town was to be provided with all the most up-to-date institutions.

A clean building would be selected and promptly labeled 'Sanatorium' or 'Technical School.' The tenants would be summarily ejected, but that would be as far as matters would go. There being none of the means at hand to realize the project, or any understanding among the initiators of what was really required, it would hang fire; the rooms destined for students or patients would be occupied by lousy Communists, who would break the furniture, scrawl inscriptions on the walls, misuse the sanitary appliances, and otherwise defile the place until it became unfit for decent occupants.

During the three months Miss Mellor was engaged in one government school, she had to give only about a

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dozen lessons, as there were holidays the rest of the time. She reported the discipline among the scholars as very poor.

They attended lessons as they chose, and there was no means of compelling regularity. 'You wait till we meet at the Tcherezvechaika,' was the remark made by one boy after being punished by his teacher. Private lessons were far more profitable than government teaching, as many of the richer peasants were anxious to give their children education and moreover paid in Imperial or Kerensky currency, which was illegal; but, even so, one hour's English teaching would serve only to pay for two pails of water. Sawing wood was far more remunerative, but had the disadvantage of giving the worker a larger appetite than he could afford.

She reports that the Communists in the Ukraine are in a constant state of panic, their bogies being the Poles and Petljura. This year they forced the peasants to cut the harvest before it was ripe, for fear the Poles would come and take it from them.

Odette Kuen, an occasional unofficial correspondent of *L'Europe Nouvelle*, writing from Tiflis upon the situation in Georgia since the Bolshevist occupation, gives a rather sympathetic account of the new régime. The Red soldiers are described as inveterate readers. Every regiment has a 'social instructor.' One of those met by this correspondent was formerly a foreman in the Ford automobile works at Detroit. However, Tiflis already presents the aspect of a deserted city. The shops are boarded up and their proprietors have fled. 'It takes time to become accustomed to seeing in the bakeries, which used to be so well filled, only a few little black loaves.' The whole town is rationed. The American Near East Relief, 'whose generosity is beyond praise,' has been permitted to open soup-kitchens. A general amnesty has been proclaimed, and the former officers of the Georgian army are taking services with the Bolsheviki, as are likewise most of the old government officials. Perfect order is maintained. Many foreigners — Germans, Italians, Greeks, and Levantines — are negotiating for concessions and trade-privileges with the new government. The consuls of Germany, Italy, Holland, and Spain remain at Tiflis, and are vigorously pushing the business interests of their countrymen. Germany, Holland, and Norway have already advanced money to the Soviet authorities, in return for mine and forest concessions. This correspondent thinks that Georgia will remain Bolshevist.

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THE AFGHAN PRESS

Among other evidences of westernization, Afghanistan now has two newspapers. Both are published in Persian, and claim to be unofficial, though obviously inspired and controlled by the government and the Bolsheviki. It is obligatory for higher officials to subscribe for one of these journals, the *Aman-i-Afghan*, published at the capital. The price of subscription is deducted by the government from their salaries.

Most of the news comes *via* Moscow, or at least has a Moscow interpretation. Bolshevist propaganda, and *Sanford and Merton* moral maxims are curiously intermingled. The editor enjoins his readers to 'Be firm in adopting good habits, and shun bad ones,' and informs them that 'knowledge is the most precious of jewels'; adding the up-to-date simile that 'knowledge without unity is like a motor without gasolene.' Both journals are strictly conservative and feudal in tone; but there are many kindly references to 'our civilized and candid friends,' the Russians. The Bolsheviki are represented as anti-imperi-

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alists. Germany is regarded as by no means dead. Hatred of the Allies is constantly preached. Much of the geographical information is delightfully vague. The 'Golden Horn' is an important fortification on the Sea of Marmora. Egypt is one of Britain's Asiatic possessions. Scotland is a subject country.

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SWEDEN'S PUBLIC HEALTH INSTITUTE

SWEDEN's Parliament has, by a practically unanimous vote, recently appropriated sixty thousand crowns to found a 'Research Laboratory for Race-Biology,' to be connected with Upsala University. This is reported to be the first government institution of the kind in Europe. Investigations of a practical nature relating to public health will principally engage the attention of the staff.

The institution will be under the direction of Professor Lundborg, an eminent Swedish authority upon heredity; and, presumably, one of its first tasks will be to investigate the heredity of insanity and nervous diseases, and of a predisposition to tuberculosis, cancer, and deformity. There will also be a section of criminal anthropology, which will study particularly criminal heredity. A third section will deal with experimental biology and pathology. Attached to the institution will be an exhibit of charts and tables illustrating the laws of heredity.

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ENGLAND'S CALL FOR ECONOMY

THE Admiralty proposal to construct four new capital ships, and to embark upon a programme which will call for twelve others, has intensified the agitation in Great Britain for a reduction of government expenses. It is rather significant that two naval officers, Rear-Admiral Adair, who is closely connected with one of the greatest armament firms in the country, and Rear-Admiral Sueter, who is credited with important services in the submarine and air branches of the navy during the war, and who invented tanks, opposed these appropriations. The *Spectator* asserts that the demand for government economies beyond any hitherto attempted is practically unanimous among all classes. 'The depth of popular feeling' does not belong merely to merchants and employers.

It is instinctively affecting the minds of the manual workers. They realize as fully as the former that our bloated taxes are going to destroy them. The nation is a great crowd standing with its back to the Dark River of Want. The sound of the turbid and menacing waters is always in its ears. The last ranks in the crowd, the ranks on the very edge of the river, are the ranks of the manual workers. They know that, if there is disturbance or panic, or anything that pushes the men in front back, they will be the first to go into the water, there to perish miserably. Therefore, they are the first instinctively to feel that the tax-collector, who is causing so much disturbance in the crowd and making it sway backwards and forwards so dangerously, is their mortal enemy. And they are right. Panic in the crowd is the worst peril. It may cause a disaster long before it is actually due, or, rather, a disaster which might have been quite easily avoided by care, discipline, and organization. Therefore, the country at large is longing for a politician who will lead it on the way to thrift.

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AUTOMOBILES IN THE ORIENT

THE first Japan-made automobile is now on the market. It is called the 'Midget,' and is designed to meet the peculiarities of Japanese roads and local conditions. Its wheel base is only 84 inches, and its total weight 850 pounds. It is driven by an air-cooled motor of 12 horsepower, and this part of the car is made in Indianapolis. Many bridges

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in Japan will not bear the weight of a heavy American car, and, as all tourists know, the roads are in many places too narrow for ordinary vehicle traffic. However, these obstacles to the use of automobiles, are rapidly being removed, not only in Japan but likewise near the treaty ports of China.

In the latter country, according to a recent letter to the London *Times*, motor-cars and motor-trucks are revolutionizing communication even faster than the railways. Ten years ago there were no automobiles in Peking. Since then the mileage of streets suitable for automobile traffic has increased more than tenfold, and there are some fifteen hundred motor-cars in use in the city. Regular motor-bus service has been established in certain parts of China. More than three hundred miles of passable highway have recently been constructed in the provinces of Chihli and Shantung. About ninety-five per cent of the cars in North China are of American make. Of 1320 imported into Shanghai last year, 987 came from this country.

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HELGOLAND

GERMAN papers print special articles on the alleged efforts of Great Britain to annex Helgoland, which, it will be recalled, was a British possession until ceded to Germany by the Salisbury Cabinet in 1890, as compensation for territorial concessions in Africa. The residents of this tiny island were removed to the German mainland during the war. They claim that they should be compensated by the government for the losses and distress which they suffered by this measure. They also protest against the extension of the income-tax law to the island, on the ground that this violates their ancient laws and privileges. The old residents object the more seriously to this measure because the fisheries and the summer-tourist trade, which were their former main source of revenue, have practically ceased during the destruction of the fortifications, which has not yet been completed.

Although ninety per cent of the people of the island are Germans, they have never been reconciled to Prussian rule, and in 1919 they appealed to the League of Nations to protect them against the Prussian government. Whatever the causes of their political discontent in the past, it is now due in no small measure to Germany's Socialist programme. In fact, the prominent residents of the island secured a special exception in the new franchise law, to prevent the Socialist laborers employed in dismantling the fortresses from overwhelming the old settlers with their votes.

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THE PACIFIC IN WORLD POLITICS

[European publicists foresaw early international action upon the problems of the Pacific before President Harding called the Washington Conference. Two articles illustrating this opinion follow. The first is by Alexander Kerensky, the first revolutionary head of the Russian government, and appeared in the Prague Volya Rossii, *a Russian Socialist revolutionary organ, of June 26. The second, by André Sigfried, appeared in* L'Europe Nouvelle, *of June 25.]*

I

THE great war has definitely concluded that period of history which was characterized by Europe's hegemony in international affairs. Belying the irresponsible predictions of Bolshevist prophets, the war has produced, not a crisis of capitalism, not a social revolution, but a profound regrouping of forces within capitalist society itself. This regrouping has shifted the centre of the world's economic and political control to countries dominated by the young capitalism of the New World, which grows and develops with colossal speed.

The key to the lines of communication of these countries — the two Americas, the British Dominions, Japan, and South Africa — lies in the Pacific Ocean, just as once upon a time the central point of all the vital interests of the ancient world lay in the Mediterranean. The Pacific Ocean is the new axis around which, for decades to come, the most important events of world-history will rotate.

During the war, the few 'European patriots' who had not lost their heads in the strife warned their fellows that, irrespective of which side won, Europe *as a whole* would pay a terrific price for having completely and light-mindedly forgotten her 'supernational, inter-European interests.' We now see that this warning was more than justified.

It is clear that the new, post-war rearrangement of international forces has dethroned the old system, which had for its centre Europe and European interests. That system is doomed to find its place usurped by a new grouping of international forces, in which the whole of Western Europe will become merely a subordinate factor in a new world-equilibrium.

The contemporary international relations of Europe are intelligible only when studied in the light of the Pacific problem. And the three most characteristic features of the new course of foreign policy, all result from the pressure exerted upon Europe by events outside her boundaries. These characteristic features are the return of the United States to Europe, the liberation of French foreign policy from British guardianship, and the reappearance of Germany as an independent factor in international politics.

It is scarcely necessary to explain why President Harding's administration continues essentially the Wilsonian system of interference in European affairs, only in a more thoughtful, careful, and especially a more practical form. The United States, which is one of the three chief actors in the Pacific drama, cannot win the game it is now playing, unless it assures itself a powerful rear-guard in Europe, and creates international combinations in Asia, which will, to a large extent, tie the hands of its most active rivals. Of course, the reappearance of America in the affairs of the Old World is due also to her struggle for foreign oil-fields; but in this article I deliberately avoid a discussion of economic competition.

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The other two characteristic features of the European situation — the unfettering of French diplomacy, and the reappearance of Germany — are, to a large extent, the result of the breakdown of the whole 'traditional' policy of Great Britain. This breakdown has only begun, and its principal cause is the change that has occurred in the relations between Great Britain as the mother-country and her transoceanic — strictly transpacific — Dominions, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa.

Up to the war, these Dominions took no part in directing the foreign policy of Great Britain. This policy was dictated exclusively by the interests and the traditions of old England, as a European state, or, to be more exact, as a state whose principal enemies and most active rivals were in Europe.

During several centuries past all else changed in the world except Britain's power. Ruling the seas, possessed of one fifth of the earth's surface, girdling the terrestrial globe with her possessions, counting in the ranks of her citizens or subjects one quarter of the total population of the earth, Great Britain was the true *hegemon* of the Old World, and London was the centre and the guiding master of world-politics.

None ever questioned that the policies dictated by the London Cabinet of Ministers were the policies of the British Empire. Europe's diplomats would have shuddered with horror only a short time ago, if told that the day was to come when proud Albion would bow her head before the will of her far-off colonies.

And yet that day is breaking. The dawn of that day shed its first rays at the last Imperial Conference at London, and was watched intently by the whole world.

Here the real results of the war revealed themselves for the first time.

While Europe, in surpassing blindness and obstinacy, was busily engaged in self-destruction, a whole group of new states was growing up on the waterways of the Pacific, blossoming out of the formerly modest British colonies, hitherto blindly obedient to the will of their mother-country. Some of these new states are in themselves almost empires, with colonies of their own. And during the war, when the ties with the mother-land grew slack, they not only began to reorganize their institutions at home according to their own ideas, but each created for itself a circle of international interests — an independent foreign policy.

There is one thing which all of these new states born of the war have in common: the centre of their attention is the Pacific Ocean. And here their aims and purposes coincide with the interests and policies of the United States.

So far as the British Dominions are concerned, any foreign policy of the British Empire going counter to the interests of America is utterly impossible. More than that, for them, this unity of interest with the Great Republic, this 'solidarity of all English-speaking peoples,' makes imperative their active coöperation with the United States.

The government of Canada already has its own diplomatic representative in Washington, and his presence there is sanctioned, though with a somewhat wry smile, by the Cabinet of the Court of St. James. Canada is very seriously considering the need of closer economic relations with the United States. And this is a development which London 'City' receives without any smile, wry or otherwise.

Finally, the Australian Premier Hughes, dotted his *i*'s effectively, if undiplomatically, when he said: 'Australia shouts with joy at the sight of each new battleship built in the shipyards of the United States.'

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Why does the United States build battleships, one after another, with such tireless energy? No doubt, in order to equal or outstrip Great Britain in naval power; in order to wrest from the United Kingdom its long-standing naval supremacy, on the preservation of which Lloyd George insisted so strenuously at the Imperial Conference.

Yet surely, the naval policy of the government in Washington is not dictated by any wish to fight the oldest representative of the Anglo-Saxon family of nations. The military and naval policy of both Wilson and Harding has been, and still is, governed by the situation in the Far East and in the Pacific generally, where until now England has been Japan's ally. And relations between the United States and Japan beget deep apprehension in the minds of the best-informed observers.

Only recently, M. Dubosq, a French expert on the Far-Eastern question, who has lived in China for many years, and has published his observations in *L'Europe Nouvelle*, wrote: —

> There is no need of making the situation more dramatic than it is, but it must be said that the Far-Eastern horizon darkens very rapidly. The thought of a coming conflict between Japan and the United States gains in popularity. It permeates the atmosphere of the Far East even more definitely than the thought of a great war permeated the atmosphere of Europe in 1913. Of course, we cannot say that such a struggle has become inevitable. But we can say that it absorbs the interests of both sides, particularly of the Japanese.

In this approaching struggle between Japan and the United States, Great Britain herself is, at least formally, with Japan, while the British Dominions are with the United States.

In other words, the British Empire, taken as a unit, has no single and consistent policy in the Pacific, but finds itself at the parting of the ways. Either it is to remain a world-power, and then the principal centre of its world-policy must be in the Far East, where naturally, there would be a preponderance of the tendencies supported by the Dominions in their policy of solidarization with America, or — But the other alternative should be excluded from the very start.

No matter how valuable the British Empire's interests in Asia may render the friendship of Japan, a break with the Dominions is unthinkable, for psychological, economic, political, and, finally, military-strategic reasons. The Anglo-Saxons, particularly the British, have a remarkable genius for compromise. No doubt in this case, too, a compromise will readily be found.

There will no longer be a London foreign policy. There will be a policy of a gigantic confederation of independent states, which will, no doubt, meet halfway the Washington tendency of enforcing universal peace through an invincible association of all English-speaking countries.

The British-Japanese Treaty, which expires soon, may be renewed after the Imperial Conference; but if so, there is no doubt that it will be renewed in a form acceptable to both the British Dominions and America. The shell will remain, while the contents will practically disappear.

In any event, the renewal of the treaty will scarcely satisfy Japanese imperialists. They will, no doubt, try to find new allies, in order to reënsure their position in the Far East and on the Pacific.

On the other hand, old England, forced to forego much of Japan's erstwhile aid, will be compelled at any price to ensure the inviolability of her interests in India and her road to India. The 'Russian danger' continues to trouble the minds of Britain's statesmen. Furthermore, there rises before

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them rather clearly the possibility of the complete liberation of Europe from Great Britain's influence. It is quite within the bounds of conjecture that an attempt may be made to organize a European equilibrium without Great Britain.

Yet Great Britain cannot permit without protest the creation of a new 'continental system'; for that might cut her off some day from India and her other Asiatic possessions, which constitute the treasure-house of her wealth. This is why her government, like that of the United States, seeks first to ensure its position in Europe before it turns from that continent to the wider fields of the Pacific and of true world-politics. Here lies the meaning of the diplomatic deployment which the world now witnesses.

II

No other country in the world is so directly interested in the problem of the Pacific as is Australia. No country follows with livelier attention — in fact with more disquiet — the rivalry between the white race and the yellow race, of which that region is the theatre. No other nation appreciates better the factors in this rivalry.

If we classify the nations bordering on the Pacific by color, we shall find that, at a moderate estimate, about 400,000,000 belong to the yellow race and 164,000,000 to the white race. Of the latter only 12,000,000 actually dwell upon the coast; and of these nearly one half live in Australia and New Zealand.

All the white border nations are not equally interested in the outcome of this conflict, although it will seriously affect their future. The United States and Canada might theoretically survive an ethnic defeat upon this battlefield. But the isolated white dwellers of the Antipodes would not survive such a disaster. Their only guaranty of independence, and their only protection against the expansion of their yellow neighbors, is their solidarity with the great Western powers. If they are to survive, the latter must remain masters of the Pacific. It will not be enough for them merely to exclude yellow people from their own territory, — already a delicate problem, — but they must fix a limit to both the economic and the political zones of influence of the Chinese, and above all of the Japanese, and prevent these ambitious rivals from becoming their immediate neighbors. Chinese expansion is exclusively economic, but the Japanese danger is political and military.

Some people are inclined to ascribe Australian policy to imperialist ambitions. I interpret it as purely defensive — the defense of a race and of a civilization. The problem has three aspects, equally serious — economic, ethnic, and political. They may be formulated in three questions: Who will exploit the Pacific? — Who will populate it? — Who will rule it?

The development of the Pacific islands, and of the territories neighboring the Pacific occupied by the white race, encounters a fundamental difficulty, the scarcity or non-existence of manual labor. Colored labor would be of great value in California, British Columbia, Australia, and New Zealand; but it is excluded as a matter of principle. The opposition of the trade-unions, which insist on maintaining their standard of living, would be a sufficient explanation of this policy; but there is a deeper cause behind it. These advance-posts of our race are aware, to a man, that to mingle with the neighboring races spells the doom of their own social organism. The yellow race

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would soon expel the whites from all fields of manual employment, and the territories of the latter would soon be converted into exploiting colonies. Two distinct races cannot exist side by side, and live the same life under the same laws. This is what the Australians mean when they preach a white Australia. So far they have succeeded by drastic exclusion legislation; but they are perfectly aware that the latter can be enforced only so long as the Western powers retain their military supremacy.

In the Pacific islands the problem is still more distressing, for white men can perform manual labor without injury in New South Wales or Queensland; but they cannot do so in Hawaii, Fiji, or Samoa. There the colored laborer is indispensable. Now the Polynesians are a charming but a lazy people. Their simple needs are easily supplied, and then they stop. Consequently, employers have had recourse to Chinese, Japanese, and Indians. But this quite natural measure has resulted in the most unexpected and serious ethnic problems.

For we have learned from experience that, when the yellow race and the Polynesian race come into contact, the latter disappears. The immediate cause is not apparent, for the Polynesians are a vigorous people, of magnificent physique, and apparently of robust constitution; but contact with foreigners slowly kills them off. This is not due alone to alcoholism and the introduction of new diseases. There is a more mysterious factor in the thing, a sort of non-resistance to death, which permits an enormous infant mortality and exterminating epidemics.

What will be the ultimate outcome, if those regions continue to import coolie labor? Three quarters of the white governments having possessions in the Pacific seem blind or indifferent to the outcome. Only the Australians appear to appreciate what the result will be when the white men and the yellow men come into direct rivalry, without the Polynesian buffer.

That is why the Australians are so resolute in their determination to prevent Chinese or Japanese from invading, not only the Australian continent, but even the South Pacific islands. They do not want the yellow race to get a foothold there, even as coolies. I am not exaggerating in the least when I say that a single Japanese cannot land in New Caledonia without arousing Australian resentment.

But the weak point — the exceedingly weak point — in Australia's position is its inability to suggest a substitute for yellow labor. The Polynesians cling to the life of their ancestors. Indian coolies, who have been tried in Fiji, refuse to come. The Filipinos and Portuguese employed in Hawaii are not numerous enough. Nevertheless, the guano-digging, the cane-fields, the cocoanut-plantations, must have labor. In a word, the Australians face a problem which is unsolvable.

But this is not all. In order to keep the yellow race out, a people must be political masters of a country. That is the key to the whole immigration problem. It explains the insistence with which the Australian government resisted every attempt at Japanese penetration of the South Pacific at the time of the war, particularly at the Peace Conference. It tolerated Japanese occupation of the three former German archipelagoes — the Carolines, the Ladrones, and the Marshall Islands; but it successfully prevented their getting a foothold south of the Equator. That looks like a possible political frontier likely to satisfy reasonable people on both sides. Australia may regard Japan as a dangerous rival in the future, but is not opposed to provisional settlements with that power.

Before leaving Melbourne for the

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Peace Conference, Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister, in an important speech upon Australian policy, declared unambiguously that the existence of the Commonwealth depended upon the Empire's possessing an adequate navy. He added — and the two questions evidently were but one in his mind — that there was no objection to renewing the Anglo-Japanese alliance, but it must be subject to two conditions: that this should not prejudice in any way the White Australia policy; and that it should not be directed against the United States.

This frank statement uncovers the deeper forces determining Australia's foreign policy. That nation is independent at heart, but at the same time loyal to Great Britain, instinctively realizing that British backing is the only guaranty of its independence. However, there is a delicate *nuance* in this attitude. The country feels that its security in the Pacific depends on still one more condition — the union of the whole white race to defend its civilization. That is why Mr. Hughes and his Australian colleagues are so anxious for close coöperation with the United States. That is why the Australian Premier said one day, — a rather disturbing remark for British ears, — 'I greet with joy every American vessel that leaves the ways.'

Outside of Europe, we must accustom ourselves to regard foreign problems, not only from a political, but also from a racial point of view. We easily fall into the error of regarding the politics of the Pacific as an end in themselves; when, in fact, they are only a means to an end — the supremacy of the race. This is so true that even the most ardent internationalists of the Australian Labor Party are whole-hearted supporters of military conscription, if needed to defend a White Australia.

THE TRAGEDY OF LORD KITCHENER

From *The Daily Telegraph, August* 11
(London Conservative Daily)

Although Viscount Esher has given his book the above title, he is careful to explain that it is not meant to recall the tragic death of the great soldier-administrator in the stormy Orkney sea. The purpose of Lord Esher's volume is to demonstrate that Lord Kitchener was a failure in his administration of the War Office from August, 1914, until his death in June, 1916, and that Lord Kitchener himself realized this terrible fact. This, in brief, is what the book conveys. Lord Esher declares that, in the midst of the greatest task of his life, and while at the summit of a career of fame and success, Lord Kitchener

> suddenly became aware that the golden bowl was broken. . . . The rush which had sprung up so miraculously in the sands of the desert could not grow in the London clay. . . . To the poet's vision the tragedy of Hamlet lay in the hero's consciousness of his own irresolution, and not in the holocaust of death amid which the play ends. Lord Kitchener's tragedy was not dissimilar, inasmuch as he realized that the qualities of mind and character which had served him well through life were, under these entirely new conditions, out of place.

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This extract from Lord Esher's study of Kitchener's work and character during the twenty-two months he was Minister for War is sufficient to show that, in the writer's opinion, Lord Kitchener failed in the great task he had undertaken and fully realized the extent of the disaster which had overtaken him. This is what Lord Esher seeks to prove in the volume of two hundred-odd pages that he has written. Whether history will accept this conclusion, time alone can reveal. To his contemporaries, with the possible exception of some of his colleagues in Mr. Asquith's overcrowded Cabinet, and perhaps a few soldiers with whom he came into conflict, Lord Kitchener, while he lived, was the great outstanding and commanding figure of the war. We know from Sir George Arthur's biography that there were men in the Cabinet in 1915 and 1916 who longed to be rid of Kitchener. His mentality and the circumstances of his career in Egypt unfitted him for the team-work which membership in the Cabinet entails. He had been too long in a position of supremacy and autocracy, where his word was law, to be able to work under conditions where he had to defend his proposals and coördinate them in conjunction with the opinions, and even the prejudices, of other men.

Lord Kitchener had not a gift for discussion. He was either too silent, or, when strongly moved, was so voluble as to be incoherent, and often indiscreet. He was entirely out of place among the lawyers and dialecticians who formed so large a part of the Asquith Government. Lord Esher gives a painful picture of him struggling like a blind and bewildered giant amid unfamiliar surroundings, and against intangible, but powerful, forces which he could not effectively combat because he could not understand them. Some of his colleagues in the Cabinet both disliked and feared him. Attempts were made to render his position so uncomfortable that he would be forced to resign. When these failed, he was sent on a mission to the Mediterranean and the Near East, from which it was hoped he would never return. In Paris, while on his way to Gallipoli, Lord Kitchener said bitterly: 'Asquith is my only friend.'

When he returned unexpectedly from the Near East in November, 1915, he was shorn of some of his power at the War Office, and colleagues were forced upon him whom he did not desire. 'They want to use my name and deprive me of authority,' he complained to an intimate friend, when administrative changes were made at the War Office which lessened his personal control of affairs. But Kitchener felt that he owed a duty to his Sovereign and to the country, and he remained at the post he had undertaken. Perhaps the greatest disappointment his enemies met with was when Sir William Robertson was appointed Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

'The wish in certain quarters to be rid of Lord K.,' writes Viscount Esher, 'had not diminished, but it was hoped that Sir William Robertson would bell the cat.' This hope was not realized. The new Chief of the Imperial General Staff was too big and too honest a man to play the game of the politicians, whose object in pressing for his appointment Sir William discerned very clearly. He recognized that the nation owed more to Kitchener than to any living man for what had so far been done in the war. On Feb. 4, 1916, Sir William Robertson wrote: —

> Where would we be without the New Armies? He was not well served. If they want to be rid of him, why not move him? I imagine they dare not. Apparently, I have been a disappointment in not knocking him down. But it is no part of a

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C. I. G. S.'s duty to intrigue against his S. of S. (Secretary of State.) At any rate I won't. He has been all that could be desired so far as I am concerned.

Lord Esher tells an interesting anecdote of Sir William Robertson at the time he was appointed Chief of Staff to Sir John French, in succession to General Sir Archibald Murray. The Commander-in-Chief would have preferred Sir Henry Wilson, but he accepted Robertson, 'whose rough humor appealed to the Irish element in Sir John.' As the new Chief of Staff left Sir John French's room after their first interview, someone congratulated him on his appointment. Sir William jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the apartment he had just quitted, and said, 'Do you congratulate him?' and passed out without another word.

The really serious efforts to get rid of Kitchener began in connection with the notorious 'shell controversy' in 1915. Lord Esher says the effect of that controversy and its consequences upon Lord Kitchener's mind were painful. He states that on May 14 Kitchener wrote: 'I am deadly sick of this system of intrigue, and if I get an excuse I shall take it, and get out of it all.' Lord Esher saw him that evening sitting alone with Colonel Fitzgerald, 'very quiet, and very gentle, but he looked like a wounded animal.' As to the merits of the controversy Lord Kitchener appears to have convinced himself, though he failed to convince his colleagues in the Government, that the clamor over shells and ammunition was exaggerated and wantonly factious.

It soon became evident that the overstatement of a good case, and the merciless blows, sometimes below the belt, which characterize the methods of the Northcliffe Press, had roused general indignation against the detractors of the man who, above all Englishmen, stood in English eyes as the Paladin of the war.

When the Coalition Government was formed, Lord Kitchener was retained in his place at the War Office, but he wrote to Lord French saying frankly that he was assured the attacks upon him had been engineered at General Headquarters in France, but that he bore no malice and had not the least intention of visiting upon the Commander-in-Chief the imprudences of his friends. He expressed a hope that, as he would not interfere with the disposition of the troops in the field under Sir John French's command, the latter would not interfere with his functions as Secretary of State and head of the Army. Thus the first attempt to get rid of Kitchener failed. The second, in the autumn of the same year, also came to naught, but the early summer of 1916 saw the Cabinet disembarrassed of his presence, though not, perhaps, in a way that even the bitterest of the intriguers would have desired.

Lord Esher makes it clear that the appointment of Lord Kitchener as Minister for War was due to the initiative of Lord Haldane, then Lord Chancellor, and that the decision was made before any suggestion with regard to it appeared in the Press. The announcement that Lord Kitchener was to take control of the War Office caused a sigh of relief to be breathed by the whole country. It was felt that here, at all events, the right man was in the right place.

The truth is [writes Lord Esher] that Lord K., as he was now called, was no longer the K. of K. of the Sudan and South Africa, and he only as yet was aware of the tragic fact. Self-reliant, self-sufficing, hatred of the written word, dislike of functions, the habit of verbal orders, were still part of his being, but they were only the ghosts of

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their old selves. The armor of his soul had rusted; he had noted, if others had not, the corroding traces of the passing years. He glanced round the War Office for help, but could find none. Whitehall had been swept clean of soldiers of experience and talent . . . and with the exception of Sir John Cowans, the Q.M.G., he found only aged and tired men who trembled before him and his reputation. He had no knowledge of the organization of the Army or the methods of Parliamentary control, and all that these things mean in the administration of a public office. In this novel sphere he was baffled, and lost confidence in himself. The governing forces of the situation overwhelmed him, but only his intimate friends guessed what was happening. . . . It is true he played his part with unfaltering courage. Even when his conclusions were arrived at upon insufficient data, his instincts, bred of a desert life, were surer than those of his colleagues. At moments his vision could still penetrate far, and his famous dictum on the duration of the war was a case in point. . . .

Just as Lord K. saw things in a truer light from afar off, so his was a figure that loomed larger and in truer perspective at a distance. For this reason his character and aptitude were more accurately judged by the masses of the people than by his colleagues in the Cabinet. . . . The sharp legal and political minds of his compeers were repelled by his methods, which were so foreign to theirs. Broadspread are the infirmities of human reason, and no politician makes allowance for faults which do not happen to be his own. An artist soaring after character in his subject . . . a painter wishing to focus the greater and lesser personalities of the war during the first eighteen months, in true perspective and with dramatic force, could not do otherwise than place the figure of Lord Kitchener in the centre and foreground of his canvas.

Yet Lord Esher says one walked away from K.'s room feeling that, although our system of conducting a great war was misguided, and he knew it, he was no longer the K. of K. qualified to find a remedy. Had he been able to divest himself of twenty years the control and course of the war would have been different.

With regard to Lord Kitchener's conception of the true strategy of the war, Lord Esher states that he looked with stern dissatisfaction on limiting its possibilities to the Western front. This was why he hesitated to send to France every available man and gun, as he was constantly urged to do by the British commanders there and by the French Government.

Left to himself, he would have selected, as all his friends knew, some point in the Near East, and would have launched an attack with every man and gun and shell which could have been begged, borrowed, or stolen from the Western front. He could take great risks, but only when he could take time. Such a risk, after adequate preparation, was the rôle to which in his mind he had destined the New Armies. . . . But his hand was forced, and the tragic glories of Gallipoli, followed by the collapse of Russia, left the Allies no battle-ground except the Western front upon which there was any chance of decisive victory.

But, it may be pointed out, the final collapse in the West came only after Allenby had crushed the Turks in Asia Minor and the successful campaign in the Balkans had smashed Bulgaria and left Austria-Hungary open to an attack across the Danube. Perhaps the historian of the future, when the whole of the facts are before him, will be able to prove that Lord Kitchener's plan of holding the enemy in France and striking a crushing blow against his flank from the Southeast was the true strategy of victory, had he been able to impose it upon his own and the Allied governments.

Lord Esher's book, like some much talked-of recent publications, is based upon a diary kept during the war. Readers avid for sensational disclosures will search its pages in vain. The author does, indeed, tell us something that is new, but there is not much that will

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'set the gossips talking.' And if there is anything in the diaries or journals which might whet the appetite for scandal, Lord Esher is determined that the present generation, at all events, shall not be gratified. He intends, if he can obtain the consent of his co-trustees of the British Museum, to seal up the volumes of his diary and deposit them in that institution for a period of sixty years. By that time all the principal figures on the stage of the Great War will have passed away, and few now alive, of an age to have much personal recollection of the events with which it is concerned, will be alive to peruse its pages when they see the light. Perhaps it is just as well. The present public has had rather a surfeit of indiscreet disclosures.

This much, however, may be said. There is no man better fitted, or who had better opportunity of acquainting himself at first hand with most of what went on behind the scenes with regard to the war. He had access to, and was on terms of intimacy with, many of the leading figures in the war, both in this country and in France. He occupied official and semi-official positions which enabled him to watch the inner working of both the political and the military machine; and coming from one of his high character and reputation, what he sets down about affairs can be accepted with confidence. He throws valuable sidelights on incidents and personages of the war both in France and England. For instance, he describes the singular 'interview' which took place between Lord Kitchener and Sir William Robertson, when the latter was about to be made Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

It took place in France, Lord Kitchener

sitting alone, stern and unyielding, at his table, with nothing before him but a blank sheet of paper. General Sir William Robertson, another typical Ironside, lay in his shirtsleeves on a bed in his room, a pipe between his teeth, contending for the principles he believed to be vital if the armies of the heathen were to be smitten before Israel.

Thus, the two men comported themselves while proposal and counter-proposal were carried to and fro between them by secretaries. When finally an agreement had been arrived at, Kitchener said, 'I hope Robertson understands that, much as I dislike the plan, now that I have agreed I mean to carry it out.'

Then there is the disclosure of what is supposed to have passed at an early meeting of the first Coalition Cabinet. It had been found impossible to come to an agreement, and Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister, looking round the table, said: 'Please remember that in an hour's time I have to tell the House of Commons what the Cabinet has decided.' There was silence for some moments, then Mr. Balfour said: 'You had better tell them that the Cabinet has decided it is quite incapable of conducting the business of the country and of carrying on the war.' No observation was made on this caustic remark, and Mr. Asquith finally asked: 'Am I to say that to the House of Commons?' Upon which Mr. Balfour retorted: 'Well, if you do, you will at any rate be telling them the truth!'

Lord Esher concludes his important book by a brief summary of Lord Kitchener's character: —

Great man he was, but not cast in the greatest mould. He was not, like Napoleon or Cromwell, or William of Orange, always true to type. Reckoned to be firm and resolute and strong, he was certainly at times all three, but during the last years of his life he was also often malleable and irresolute. Of his religion, if he had one, nothing was known, although his biog-

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rapher [Sir George Arthur] has claimed for him a place on the side of the angels; but others who knew him well have said his innermost thoughts were as free as Huxley's. . . . Persistently he cared for things — *objets*, as the French call them — and this form of self-indulgence is perhaps rarely combined with love for human beings. He loved Broome [his home in Kent], which was the work of his hands. He cared nothing for decorations except so far as they would adorn Broome. Once he said, 'Tell your French friends not to give me the Legion of Honor, which I am told they intend to do; but persuade them to send me two pieces of Gobelins tapestry out of the Garde-Meuble.' On another occasion he told a friend who had offered him some books for the Broome library, 'Give me old bindings; the books don't matter.'

There is a brief account of the final tragedy off the coast of the Orkneys which in view of some recent publications may be quoted: —

The idea that the Hampshire was destroyed by submarine attack, or by a mine specially laid for the purpose, has been finally rejected. That Lord Kitchener met his death at the hands of the enemy never has been and never can be disputed; but it was the good fortune of the Germans rather than their skill which relieved them from the weight of his determined enmity and deprived England of her foremost champion.

BRITISH PREËLECTION MANŒUVRES

[*Many shrewd political observers in Great Britain anticipate an early general election. We print below two articles discussing this probability. The first is by John St. Loe Strachey, editor of the* Spectator, *and appeared in the July* 16 *issue of that weekly. The second is by G. D. H. Cole, a well-known radical labor-writer and economist, and appeared in the July* 21 *issue of the Liberal* Westminister Gazette.]

I

POLITICALLY, the country is in a very unwholesome condition. Open before us are several very important problems which the British people have got to settle. The first is the problem involved in the non-renewal or denunciation, whichever is the correct view, of the Treaty of Alliance with Japan. If we refuse to renew it, beneficial political opportunities will immediately arise. First, we shall be able to bring about that mutual understanding between us and the United States of America which all loyal members of the English-speaking race so ardently desire. Next, there will be an opportunity for helping on the policy of disarmament, and for producing a settlement in regard to the present danger-spot of the world, — the North Pacific, — under conditions which may prove as permanent as can any diplomatic agreement.

The second main problem is the smaller but more immediately dangerous one of Ireland — the problem how to meet the demands of the Southern Irish without doing cruel injustice to the North. Thirdly, there is the great and always present economic menace — the question how to prevent bankruptcy and dearth and their revolutionary *sequelæ*.

These are matters which are fully discussed in the newspapers, on public

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platforms, and in Parliament. Behind these visible and deeply important opportunities and difficulties stands another and still more vital matter. It is at present unnoted by the ordinary man, but at any moment it may become violently and painfully visible. That is the question, who is to direct our Government, and under what party auspices? We have got to decide, and probably very soon, what is to be the machinery under which we are to work our Constitution and Representative System. Though the Coalition may seem strong and firm, it is not so. It is dying, if not dead. Though it wins great numerical victories in the Lobby, though its speakers make fine speeches, and though every now and then there are what look like proofs that the Prime Minister still holds the country, the Coalition has already perished. It is warm and it has not stiffened yet, but the life has gone out of it in spite of these appearances of continued animation. Once it was strong and active; now it is strong only in appearance.

> Stout was its arm, each thew and bone
> Seem'd puissant and alive —
> But, ah! its heart was stone,
> And so it could not thrive!

Why is the heart of the Government turned to stone? Why cannot it thrive? The views held by its members are those held by the country, and the majority of these members have individually the confidence of the electorate. What, then, is amiss? The answer is to be found in a single word. That word is 'Coalition.' It is not true, or, if it is, it is useless to say it, that England hates coalitions. To be exact, the country does not hate coalitions in the abstract, but hates them only when, so to speak, they are out of season, have done their appointed work, and have ceased to be either efficient or appropriate. A coalition, no matter what the origin of the word, has come to mean a grouping together of antagonistic elements, for the performance during dangerous times of a specific object, that object being the securing of the physical safety of the nation. A coalition is rightly regarded as a stopgap — something provided to answer the cry, 'All hands to the pumps, or the vessel will founder.'

When the moment of danger has passed, coalitions in countries governed by a party system, like ours, are naturally disliked and distrusted. What the country feels about them is something in this way. 'To get an ordinary peace-time job thoroughly well done, the men who do it ought to be in agreement as to what they want. They ought to be a real team, with common aims, common objects, common hopes, common aspirations. They must feel confident that they are going to stick together for good, and to act loyally toward each other. In addition, they ought to feel that the tie between them and those who support them — that is, the rank and file of the party — is a permanent and not a temporary one. The whole idea of government by a party is that the party is an organized body of men with agreed common purposes, a body of men who have given up a certain amount of their individual opinions, individual ambitions, and individual freedom of action, in order that the government should be carried on under policies pointing in a particular direction. The excuse — and a perfectly sound excuse if it is not carried too far — for a closely organized and strictly disciplined party is that without it we should be at the mercy of irresponsible leaders — political *condottieri* — who, so to speak, would make personal bargains with the State to conduct its affairs, and who would in this way become the masters, rather than the true servants, of the public. Under our present, or, rather, pre-war system, the

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party leader when in office ought, no doubt, to have great powers, but they must be the powers of a constitutional monarch rather than of an autocrat or despot. Now, in order to keep the proper balance between the powers of the leader and his dependence on his followers, the Prime Minister should draw his strength from a homogeneous party: a party, not necessarily with only one thought in it, but a party in which there is the maximum of agreement; a party with common aspirations on the great affairs of State; and, still more, a party which feels an absolute trust in its leader's honor and character. The rank and file must feel, not only that their leader will never dream of deserting them, but that he cannot desert them because there is nowhere else for him to go. The leader must have burned his boats, and pledged himself as absolutely as a man can to sink or swim with his party. It is this feeling of solidarity and of mutual loyalty between the leader and the led which is one of the great antiseptics of the party system. It is this, indeed, which makes the party system work, which renders it tolerable in times of peace, in times when men are not prepared to say, 'We will do everything and give up everything, and forget all differences in the immediate work of preventing the vessel going under.'

These are truths which, though in one sense very old and very obvious, are only just being discovered by the general public, and especially by the members of the Unionist Party — that is, the larger section of those who support the present Coalition. The country — and still more the House of Commons — is in a state of dangerous political *malaise*, and has been so for many months; and now it is beginning to realize that the cause of this *malaise* and discontent is that we are being ruled by a coalition after the need for a coalition has passed, and therefore being badly ruled, or, to be quite fair, let us say, ruled in a way which does not satisfy the nation. The cause of this breakdown in the work of government is becoming clear. The Coalition Ministry is not supported by a homogeneous party, but by a confused, incoherent, and therefore irresponsible concourse of political atoms. It is becoming evident that, to get the things we want out of Parliament and out of the administration, the chief directing brain must be that of a man who has become an integral part of the organism to which he looks for support, a man who has cast aside all other political allegiances and all thoughts, hopes, and ambitions which he does not share with his followers. While demanding great sacrifices from those he leads, he must be himself willing to make comparable sacrifices. He must forgo the right to pick up power how he can and when he can, and to manipulate and negotiate with special groups of the House of Commons. His strength must be drawn solely or, at any rate, habitually, from those who placed him in power.

To put the matter quite specifically, the time is coming — and may indeed come very soon — when Mr. Lloyd George will be told that he must take his choice and become, not the head of a coalition, but the head of a true party. At a day's notice a political crisis may arise in which, whatever the apparent cause, this will be the real and dominant issue.

Mr. Lloyd George is not, of course, going to be crudely told that he must become a Unionist or else look out for another situation in another party. No one will treat him, or wants to see him treated, in that way. The larger section of his present mixed bag of followers would be quite willing to obtain the homogeneity which they are beginning

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to see is essential, by what would nominally be the foundation of a new party, though in reality it would be the old Unionist Party under another name. In theory the Unionist Party possesses a very good name, even though we all hope that its Irish implication may soon be unnecessary. Unionism has another meaning. It means a union, or political combination, for securing certain political ends. In spite, however, of this fact, if homogeneity and mutual trust could be better secured under another name, and if the path of Mr. Lloyd George and his Liberal supporters could be made more easy and more consistent with their personal feelings and dignity by a change of name, then by all means let us have such a change.

The difficulty of finding a new name, whether for a house, a street, a limited liability company, or a newspaper, always seems very great till the point is settled. As soon as it is settled, the difficulties vanish, and people are astonished that there was ever so much anxiety and trouble about so simple a matter. In our opinion, the only thing that is of real importance in choosing a new name is that it should be made quite clear that the party is essentially democratic, and not reactionary, in its nature and principles. It must proclaim its entire willingness to bow to the Will of the Majority. It must refuse to allow interested persons to plaster the untrue and unmeaning label of 'reactionary' upon its back. It is the party organizations which are tainted with the new Jacobinism of the Labor Party or the Bolshevism of the Communists that are the reactionaries. It is they who deny the right of the people to govern themselves, who try to impose on them the new aristocracy of organized labor, who want to arm that oligarchic party with the weapon of physical force — who want to found supreme power in the State on what they term 'direct action,' instead of on the votes of the people fairly and justly given at the polling booths. It is therefore of importance, if we are to have a new name, that the new party should be pledged by its name to true democracy. Except that it would perhaps be thought by some to have an unfortunate previous history in Europe, the name 'Constitutional Democratic Party' would be good. It represents the fact that we are democrats as well as constitutionalists. This is a claim which cannot be made truthfully by any other party in the State.

A constitutional party will, we are confident, soon insist that the right of popular veto, the necessary corrective to the possibility of non-democratic legislation, shall be established as one of our public institutions, and so shall give our political life a stability which is badly needed. The trouble with us is, not that we have too much, but too little democracy. That, however, is a side issue. What we have to consider now is the reformation of the Coalition into a homogeneous party with a leader pledged, not, of course, to mere servility to his party, but to common political ideals.

Who rules o'er freemen must himself be free.

But our leader must not always be looking over his shoulder at other political groups, and wondering whether he would not do better by including So-and-so and his group.

If this putting of Mr. Lloyd George to his election in regard to his source of power is coming, and, as we are perfectly sure, it is coming quickly, the best minds in the party should clearly be directed to providing for the possibility that Mr. Lloyd George may be overcome with fright or shyness when told that he must 'range himself' politically. We must be prepared with a plan of action, should Mr. Lloyd

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George make a sudden bid for a renewal of that independence and that extra-party position which, we must in fairness admit, is a very attractive one to a prime minister. We do not want his colleagues to do anything which may seem to humiliate him, or to forget his past services, or to coerce him in any way. To make the pressure which they must exercise effective, they must, however, know what steps they can take, and be ready to take them in the case of a complete refusal to adopt their policy. In other words, they must make certain of acceptance by having an alternative ready.

If they do not do this, — that is, if they do not take the initiative in the matter of ending the Coalition, — they run the very great risk of Mr. Lloyd George himself taking it — that is, of his suddenly demanding a general election. The result of a general election at the present moment would almost certainly be the formation of a quantity of groups. Out of these Mr. Lloyd George might well think he could pick up a new and even more personal coalition. Such a result would be most injurious to the Unionist Party, and therefore, we believe, to the country as a whole. It would probably shatter what is still the greatest force for good in our politics, the Unionist Party, and leave the Ship of State wanting in the only machinery yet found efficient for carrying on the representative system.

The *Spectator*, when its history is remembered, will not be accused of being a slavish or even a passive party organ, anxious to exalt party above patriotism. It is common knowledge, indeed, that the *Spectator* is loathed by the whips of four parties. Yet we have no hesitation in saying that a strong Unionist Party is essential at this moment, in order to prevent the nation falling into the hands of some weak and temporary set of ministers, who may be tempted to adopt policies and courses of action such as we know so well from the pages of history are the precursors of revolution.

There is no danger whatever of revolution from the popular will. There is further no danger of it coming from distress, misery, and even economic ruin, such as we may be doomed to endure if the Government continues to rack the country by mad taxation and delirious administration. It is one of the most pathetic of social and political facts that misery, even starvation, does not produce revolution. People instinctively realize that civil commotion will only make their sufferings worse. Revolution comes only from the paralysis and breakdown of the government. Once get those conditions, and it may come with lightning suddenness and force. The revolutionaries themselves, who think out these matters a great deal more than their opponents, have fully realized this. Anyone who reads the famous Marxian manifesto of 1847, and who studies the other preliminaries of the Revolution of 1848, or, again, those of the Russian revolution, will see how the revolutionaries always aim at the undermining and destruction of the fabric of government. 'Get the Government down and under and incapable, no matter how!' is always their watchword. 'Get the rider out of the saddle, and then jump into his place yourself, and you may ride the horse of State to Hell or anywhere else you like.'

The discrediting of government in every possible way, and the unsettlement of the public mind — the production of what may be called political panic — is the short way to the victory of the Red Flag. What, therefore, the citizen who does not mean to have revolution and all its agonies and depravities fastened upon this country must look to first is the maintenance of

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sound government. But the maintenance of sound government can be secured in a representative system only by the formation of a sound party system. Therefore, what we have got to work for is a homogeneous party and a homogeneous set of leaders. This we can have and we must have; but when we have got it, we have no desire that it should hold a monopoly of power. *That, indeed, would be its ultimate ruin.* The next step, and one that will follow automatically, will be that another party will arise in the State, which will have learned the lesson we have been urging. It will realize that it can get its share of power only by being homogeneous and by relying upon sound measures and sound men, and not upon wild personal ambitions. An excellent corrective to an over-strong constitutional democratic party would be a homogeneous and reasonable Labor Party. This we hope and believe we shall get, if we first show that party a good model. If, instead, we teach others the dire lessons of the group system and of personal saviors of society like Napoleon III, — Mr. Lloyd George in certain moods apparently hankers after the personal-savior idea, — we shall bring ourselves to ruin.

We have no desire to throw Mr. Lloyd George over, or to be unfair to him in any way; but he has got to be told that the time has come when he must keep within, not outside, the traces. He can no longer be allowed to flourish about by the side of the team, or act as a fifth horse to our four-in-hand. No doubt he did good service as fifth horse on Bellona's Hill; but we are over that now and want the drag and a good hold-back, not a spirited example to the wheelers and leaders to put their backs into it.

II

At a moment when the manifest limitations of industrial action in face of the present adverse economic conditions have compelled trade-unionists to turn their attention increasingly to the prospects of political action, the Government has presented them with a series of magnificent propagandist openings. It is true that, well as these openings may promise for the future political success of Labor, they arise out of events which involve misery and discomfort for large masses of the people. It could hardly be otherwise, for what is taking place to-day is that the chickens of the Coalition are at last coming home to roost, and revealing themselves as the unhallowed brood that they are.

First, there is the scandal of agriculture. The Government is not only abolishing the Agricultural Wages Board: it is manifestly abandoning all pretense of possessing a rural policy at all, and this in face of the obvious need for increased agricultural production. It is easy to see how uneasy ministers are at the course which they are pursuing, and to penetrate the obvious disingenuousness of the arguments which they employ. They know that the course they are steering is dangerous, both for the country and for themselves; but they know also that, as they are placed and on their assumptions, there is no alternative open to them. They cannot at the same time indulge in military adventures in Ireland and Mesopotamia, refuse to take any step, by such means as a capital levy, to liquidate the war debt, and have money to spare for even the most urgent measures of internal reconstruction.

Exactly the same dilemma confronts the Government in respect of its hous-

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ing programme. Under our straitened conditions extravagance in one direction must mean double economy in another, and must involve the scrapping even of plans which can be proved to be vital to national security and welfare. As shamefacedly as one minister had to announce the abandonment of the Government's rural programme, and another that of many of the most important provisions of the Education Act of 1918, the Minister of Health has now been called upon to throw housing to the wolves.

These *volte-faces* are so sensational that it is impossible to cover them up by any subterfuge. It is possible only to plead 'economy, economy, economy,' in the hope of catching the business and 'Anti-Waste' vote, which has been cast for 'independent' candidates in recent by-elections. One form after another of useful and reproductive expenditure is being flung away in the hope of placating the 'Anti-Wasters.' But the real causes of waste, which lie in the sphere of international policy, remain untouched; and the most furious Anti-Wasters seem to vote, when they are returned to the House of Commons, in favor of the most reckless forms of expenditure.

How soon a general election will come, no one knows; but almost everyone seems to believe that it is approaching. When it does come, manifestly the central struggle will be between two bodies of professed 'economizers.' The Government, probably reconciled with its Anti-Waste critics, will go to the country with the claim that, by eating its own tail, — that is, by annulling its own agricultural, housing, and educational policy, — it has saved the taxpayers countless millions. Under cover of these 'economies' it will seek to persuade the electors to give it a free hand to waste even more millions than ever in other ways, and will do its best to represent the parties opposed to it as the 'Wasters.'

Labor, on its side, will be pressing for increased expenditure in just those directions in which the Government is making the greatest retrenchments. The Labor leaders realize that the social legislation which they urge is 'practical politics' only if it is accompanied by stringent economies and readjustments elsewhere. The improvement of the standard of life in the country, and even the prevention of a real degradation of it, depends not only on direct economies on military and kindred expenditure, but even more on the adoption of a policy which will bring real peace to a shattered world, and so make possible an effective opening of national and international markets. It depends also on the taking of drastic financial and industrial measures at home, with a view both to the liquidation of the burden of debt, and to the squeezing of the waste out of private as well as public expenditure, and out of privately owned industry as well as from the public services.

The leaders of the Labor Party realize that this policy will not be altogether easy to explain to the electorate, and that Mr. Lloyd George's policy of the moment gives him to some extent an advantage in appeals to the people. If it is simply a question of Mr. Lloyd George saying, 'See how economical I am,' while the Labor Party appeals to the town electors by promising a million houses, and to the countryside by promising a rural minimum wage, it is quite uncertain which way the struggle will go, although clearly no party can expect a political victory as sweeping as that which Mr. Lloyd George won in 1918. The Coalition has indeed made the Opposition parties a present of very cogent arguments and illustrations for use against itself; but, even so, their victory cannot be regarded as certain.

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If the cry of 'Economy' is effectively pitted against the cry of 'Social Reform,' no one can foretell the issue.

The point first to be realized is that, although this opposition is in reality quite contrary to the facts, that is no sufficient reason for supposing that a general election will not be fought upon it. There is a danger that the Coalition, awakened by recent by-elections to the force of the 'economy' cry, may successfully appropriate it, and turn upon the Labor Party the batteries which have been brought to bear upon itself. Therefore, one of the principal questions that the Labor strategists are considering to-day is how to prevent the wizard from Wales from making away with their 'joint of beef,' and getting from the electors the credit for an economy which he will certainly never practise.

The first part of their task — the criticism of the Government's own wasteful expenditure in directions other than those of social reconstruction — is easy and obvious enough. The difficulty is to bring effectively before the voters the deeper facts as to the position — the fact that recent Budgets have been made to balance only by methods which, employed by a company, would be regarded as plainly fraudulent; the fact that, even by such methods, future Budgets can hardly be made to balance at all without a drastic reversal of policy; the fact that matters can be put straight only by drastic measures involving both a writing-down of the nominal capital of the community and a remodeling from top to bottom of its methods of industrial organization.

For it will be difficult to persuade the electors, without the expenditure of more of the imaginative faculty than seems to be current in political circles to-day, that this is the time of all times when a policy of mere opportunism is certain to be disastrous. It has been precisely by neglecting fundamentals and concentrating on the 'problems of the half-hour' that the Government has made its worst blunders. It has promised recklessly, and as recklessly withdrawn its promises on the morrow. It has repudiated its pledges until no one expects that it will keep them. But this attitude on its part has to some extent infected its opponents and the body of electors, as well as itself. It has made it harder, in politics at least, to bring men back to fundamentals, or to conduct electioneering on any basis other than a series of improvised 'stunts.'

Yet, if Labor is to have a chance of accomplishing politically anything that is worth while, it must, as the better among its leaders realize, not merely win votes, but win them on the basis of a clear understanding that a real reversal of policy, and a courageous handling of fundamentals, are involved in its coming to power. It must succeed in securing attention, not merely for the more obvious vices of the present Government, and the immediate grievances to which they have given rise, but for the fact that the whole future of British, and indeed of European, civilization is in peril, and that nothing but a courageous handling even of the most obstinate difficulties affords good hope of saving it from decay and dissolution. It must speak so arrestingly as to compel men to attend, even when their sub-conscious as well as their conscious selves are offering the maximum resistance, and assuring them that things must really be 'as right as rain,' however black their superficial appearances may be.

For Labor to come to power without having forced upon a large proportion of the people a consciousness of the real gravity of the situation might well be a calamity. For either it would not

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dare to attempt the making of fundamental changes, and would so be speedily discredited because its achievements answered not to its professions, or it would make the attempt, only to find that the coöperation of many, even of its own followers, was withheld. In either of these cases its failure would be inevitable.

The purpose of the big Labor conferences which are now being held in all parts of the country, in preparation for the possible coming of a general election, is to bring this consciousness of the magnitude of the issues home to the local organizers and leaders of the Labor Movement itself. These conferences are intended to form the basis of a big autumn campaign, on which the whole available resources of the Movement will be concentrated. For the political leaders of Labor have, from their own point of view, the strongest possible reasons for telling the electors the whole truth about the seriousness of the position in this country and in Europe as a whole. They cannot ignore the probability that, when at last the Coalition has made a mess that is manifestly beyond its power to clear up, Labor may be called upon to assume power under the most difficult and testing conditions. They are fearful of climbing to power over the blunders of their political adversaries rather than because their constructive policy is really understood. The more far-sighted among them do not make the mistake of supposing that, however conscious the people may become of the need for drastic changes, the making of them can be anything but the most arduous of tasks. But they do realize that the task will be not merely arduous, but impossible, unless a large proportion of the people is convinced of the necessity for a policy of 'Thorough.'

Concentration on political work is manifestly destined to be the next stage in Labor's organizing activity. The need for strong trade-unions is, of course, as great as ever; but their rôle, under present conditions, is bound to be mainly defensive. The great task for Labor in the near future is that of intensive and democratic political education on a far larger scale, and on far more fundamental questions, than any political party has yet seriously attempted.

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MORE DIPLOMATIC MEMOIRS. II

[*M. Alfred Dumaine, who was French Ambassador at Vienna at the outbreak of the war, has added his memoirs to the long series of diplomatic reminiscences already published, under the title,* La dernière Ambassade de France en Autriche.]

From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, July 25 and 26*
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

Dumaine was appointed ambassador at the court of Francis-Joseph in 1912, largely in recognition of his long and honorable diplomatic career. For at that court, if anywhere, diplomacy preserved its old character. A large fraction of the valuable time of the ambassador was occupied in writing protocols; another large fraction was taken up with court formalities, which Francis-Joseph regarded as the very props of his empire.

Every new arrival must be presented to the innumerable members of the royal family, with the utmost pomp and ceremony. The conversations with these distinguished personages were incredibly banal; for their highnesses took as little interest in foreign affairs as they did in political problems at home. On such occasions gorgeous uniforms and cocked hats, and ball-dresses and diadems, were prescribed, no matter what the hour or the season. When some royal couple were residing outside of Vienna and the audience occurred in the country, — at points often reached by snow-blocked roads, — these presentations degenerated into the ridiculous.

In the author's opinion Archduke Rainer, a modest, liberal man, and the Archduchess Marie-Josepha, the mother of the Emperor Charles, were distinguished among the Hapsburgs by the possession of something more than average talents. The ambassador describes Charles himself, as a modest, amiable young man, whose political ability does not exceed that of Louis XVI. He paints a most uncomplimentary picture of Franz-Ferdinand, the assassinated heir to the throne. 'People avoided mentioning that odd character in society. He was known only by his antipathies, and the thought of his ascending the throne rested like a nightmare on the minds of the higher officials of the government and the court.' It was a year and a half before he would receive the ambassador of the 'Anti-Clerical Republic.' The contrast between the magnificent reception hall of Belvedere Palace, where the audience finally occurred, and the poverty of thought exhibited at the interview itself, which revealed no qualities of mind in the Crown Prince above those of a country squire, was most depressing for the ambassador.

Dumaine credits the old Emperor with some intelligence, which betrayed itself mainly in a keen memory and a shrewd judgment of men. Francis-Joseph had learned how to rule Austria by long experience; he understood how to utilize the race-conflicts and partisan antagonisms in his dominion to strengthen the crown. He was an expert at courting popularity; he knew how to flatter the personal vanity and ambition of men by bestowing dignities upon them, regardless of the race to which they belonged. His devotion to duty and his somewhat bureaucratic industry up to his very last years deserve recognition. It was really he who kept the mouldering political structure from an earlier collapse.

When the old Emperor resumed his

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court receptions in 1913, after two years' intermission, a series of dinners was given in honor of high dignitaries.

In spite of the magnificent table-appointments and the brilliant uniforms of the guests, the festal spirit of earlier days was missing. The proportion of old men was too large. People forced themselves to behave in a manner which contrasted with their advanced years and their infirmities. At one of these banquets I sat next to Graf Paar, a boyhood friend of the Monarch, but far less well preserved. He had fits of absent-mindedness, when he forgot where he was, and either dozed or whistled to himself. We were always on guard in conversations with His Majesty, lest we express too pointed an opinion, which might offend the conservative ideas of the elderly monarch. Courses were served in quick succession, so that the Emperor, who was a tremendous eater, might not be kept waiting for a moment. Whenever he addressed an observation to his neighbors at the table, — the Italian ambassador or myself, — a piece of game, or some other favorite dish, would interrupt the conversation. However, he never permitted a dinner to pass without exchanging a few words with me. He remarked once: 'Your government has very wisely introduced three-years' service again. I congratulate you on it.' I replied that this opinion was of the utmost value to me, coming, as it did, from a monarch who could speak from long experience on such subjects. The Emperor continued: 'Besides, you could not do anything else after the example Germany has set for you.' He had no opportunity to say more because a *maître d'hôtel* just then set a dish before him, upon which he immediately concentrated his attention and his remarkable appetite.

One of the best things in the book is the description of Graf Berchtold, with whom Dumaine had intimate official and social relations. It was a malicious freak of fate that thrust upon this amiable aristocrat a rôle in history for which he had not a spark of natural genius, and which he did not in the least desire. He owed his advancement, like so many Austrian diplomats, entirely to the prestige of a great name. Personally, he would have been quite as content administering his great estates in Moldavia, and devoting himself to hunting and other country amusements. However, because his father-in-law, Karoly, had been Ambassador in London, or because his own courtly elegance and aristocratic manners were popular with his superiors, he was fairly forced into a diplomatic career. Whenever he resigned, in an effort to recover his liberty, he was promptly promoted to some new post. That was what happened at London, Paris, and Petrograd. At the last city he was embassy-councilor under Aehrenthal. When the latter became Minister of Foreign Affairs he succeeded him as ambassador; and in the same unresisting way he let Francis-Joseph make him Aehrenthal's successor in the Foreign Office.

His colleagues of every nationality were astonished at the unshakable confidence which the Crown placed in his talents. But Graf Berchtold was the most surprised of all. He certainly had no ideas of his own upon foreign policy or upon the nationality problems within the Danube Monarchy. Even after he was made a Hungarian citizen, he was no fanatical champion of dualism. When the French Ambassador would call to discuss some political subject, he would keep the conversation away from the main issue as long as possible, chatting about society affairs, where he was in his element. If the moment finally came when he could not evade the business at hand longer, his kindly smile would vanish from his countenance, to make way for an expression of distressing *ennui*. It tired him beforehand to contemplate answering specific questions, or expressing a definite opinion on any serious subject; so he would call some subordinate to his assistance,

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whereupon that gentleman would appear with a thick portfolio.

Ordinarily it did not require much ability to manage foreign affairs for Austria. The traditions were there. The Foreign Office possessed an incredible arsenal of devices for masking the prudence, the timidity, and the delays of Hapsburg diplomacy. The favorite scheme was to put off a decision until the matter to be decided had settled itself. A man of energy and determination would have quickly shaken to pieces the cumbersome and complicated mechanism of Austria's political machinery, just as a powerful motor might shake to pieces a decrepit and antiquated motor-car.

If left to himself, Graf Berchtold would never have taken the tragic step which ruined his country; but his helplessness and credulity made him a docile tool in the service of others. For eighteen months his honest love of peace, in which both humanity and temperamental aversion to assuming responsibility had a part, kept him from adopting the military measures which the army demanded. Then came the assassination at Serajevo, and this nonchalant, short-sighted, but at heart kindly statesman signed the death-sentence of millions, without the slightest comprehension of the fearful act he was committing.

Of Dumaine's colleagues, the German ambassador, von Tschirschky, was the least popular. Even Graf Berchtold resented that gentleman's constant meddling with Austrian affairs. But von Tschirschky was a personal favorite of the German Kaiser, and owed his advance to that fact alone. An early death saved him from being called to task for his acts, and his leading part at this time has been forgotten. History will pass a severer sentence upon him than upon Bethmann-Hollweg or Graf Berchtold.

Herr von Tschirschky was a colleague whom we avoided meeting, except in case of strict diplomatic necessity. Superficially a polished gentleman, who complied with every rule of courtesy with automatic correctness, he was unable to conceal for ten minutes his aggressive, arbitrary temper and his domineering disposition. A poor imitator of Bismarck, he had copied only the weaknesses of his model. He was immensely vain of his experience as a former cabinet official, and perfectly confident of the infallibility of his own judgment. He discussed every question with the air of a schoolteacher addressing his pupils, and permitted no contradiction from any source. Not satisfied with ostentatiously interfering with the policy of the Austrian cabinet, he adopted a superior air toward his diplomatic colleagues, which caused most of them to shun his company.

We know that the documents which Kautsky published prove how active the German Ambassador at Vienna was in the events that brought about the war. But this judgment, which is based largely on the marginal notes written by the Kaiser, does not emphasize this as strongly as Dumaine's personal observations. The latter writes:—

I can testify that Tschirschky always proclaimed himself an irreconcilable enemy of Serbia, and that he personally admitted using all his influence to stimulate the existing hatred of the Austrians for that country. He said to me literally: 'I am so confident of the necessity of destroying the Serbs, that I would not hesitate to exceed my instructions in order to induce Austria to act.' Up to the time that the final break came, von Tschirschky's activities grew increasingly offensive and unendurable. He, Graf Forgasy, and Graf Tisza, are the three conspirators who ruined the Danube Monarchy. They drafted the ultimatum to Serbia. Graf Berchtold himself would never have been guilty of such brutal language. He participated only to the extent of submitting the document to the Emperor, and securing his signature. That was no difficult task; for the old monarch's ears had been filled with reports of Serb aggressions.

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The author describes in detail how the relations between France and the Danube Monarchy were terminated. Germany declared war against Russia on August 1. The Vienna Cabinet followed on August 3. Dumaine writes: —

I expected my recall hourly. Austria apparently desired France to take the initiative, in order to use that as an argument with Italy. Paris, however, wished to refrain from acting until it was certain that Austria's forces were coöperating with those of Germany in the attack on France and Belgium. On the 6th and 7th of August Swiss newspapers reported that it was known in diplomatic circles at Berne that Austrian troops had been sent to Alsace. The French Foreign Minister, Doumergue, addressed a telegraphic inquiry to Vienna, where Graf Berchtold handed me a written statement to the effect that Austria did not intend to send troops to the west. I telegraphed this reply to Paris on August 10, and the same day received a telegram from there, instructing me to ask for my passports, since the assurances of Graf Berchtold, and of Ambassador Szeczen in Paris, were not in accord with the facts.

Dumaine leaves the question open whether Germany tried to precipitate Austria's action by falsely reporting that Austrian troops were on the western front, and the Vienna Foreign Office was honest in its statement.

Graf Berchtold received the announcement that diplomatic relations had been broken off, and the reason therefor, with a courteous correctness which surprised even the French Ambassador. Dumaine complains of no such rudeness and insults as Jules Cambon experienced at Berlin. Austria showed her proverbial kindliness and consideration, not only to the diplomatic representatives of the Republic, but also to those French citizens who remained within her territory. A high official of the government, who had maintained very friendly relations with the Ambassador, did not permit even war itself to prevent a kindly farewell. Detaining Dumaine at the door of the cabinet room, he said: —

Let me say one word to you as a personal friend. Believe me, Austria could not act otherwise. Serbia, Russia, and all the Slav states — and some other states — are convinced that Austria is about to go to smash. It is better to hasten the catastrophe than to live on their tolerant pity. We must demonstrate that we are capable of a vigorous effort. God knows how honestly we have tried to save Europe and ourselves from this crisis.

The Russian ambassadors, first De Giers, and later Schebeko, were, in Dumaine's opinion, always in favor of peace. De Giers was considered a personal friend of Graf Berchtold. The latter frequently said: 'I have so much personal affection for him, that it pains me to bring disagreeable matters to his attention.' This did not prevent constant friction between the two governments, especially over police and espionage measures. When Graf Szapary, an aggressive Hungarian, replaced Graf Thurn as Austrian Ambassador at Petrograd, against the expressed wish of Tsar Nicholas, the latter felt compelled to recall De Giers, and send the more energetic Schebeko to Vienna. Family connections, however, prevented either of these gentlemen from playing the provocative rôle which the military parties in the two capitals intended. The real direction of the Russian Embassy was in the hands of its councilor, Prince Nikolas Koudacheff, a man whose tact and uprightness well qualified him for his difficult duties.

England's Ambassador, Sir Maurice Bunsen, inspired special confidence everywhere. He was a nephew of the former German theologian and archæologist, who was in his later years Prussian Ambassador to London. Half of the family elected to become British subjects; the remainder lived in Ger-

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many. Consequently, Sir Maurice had strong personal reasons, in addition to his political sympathies, to exert himself in behalf of peace.

Equally illuminating are the author's comments upon the Austrian character. Since the days of Montaigne, Austria's national traits have been the butt of international wit. Neither defeat nor revolution has modified the careless indifference and resignedness to fate, which make the people of Vienna helpless to help themselves. Incapable of profound passion, they are blind to both the grandeur and the pathos of their own destiny. Comfortable mediocrity reigned under the old régime, and if here and there a man stood out by reason of his intelligence and energy, a conservative system kept him carefully in the background. Men of foresight, understanding, and freedom of opinion, were unpopular with their easy-going countrymen, and were sedulously put away where they could do no harm. Madame de Staël wrote, as long ago as 1808: 'There are many excellent things in Austria, but few really superior men. For it is no advantage in this country to excel others. One is not envied for that; he is simply forgotten.'

The character of a society is a product of generations of education and habit. Austria's old rulers so consistently and thoroughly destroyed all independence of will and thought in those they governed, so successfully shaped them in moulds agreeable to an imperial bureaucracy, that their former subjects are to-day the most helpless people politically in the world. 'That is why,' observes Dumaine, 'the young Republic pursues so painfully its thorny path of liberty.'

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES

[*The discoveries of prehistoric art in the Cave of Altamira, which were described in* The Living Age *not long ago, are here discussed at length by the Madrid Correspondent of the London* Times. *The article on the still more recent discoveries at Pompeii, the first that we have seen, is by the Rome Correspondent of the same newspaper.*]

From *The Times, July* 28, *August* 1
(Northcliffe Press)

I

The 'Friends of Art,' a private society that has done much in recent years to propagate at home the knowledge of Spanish art (which in many of its manifestations is often better known and appreciated abroad than in Spain), and whose publications on furniture, miniatures, lace, fans, ironwork, etc., remain after each annual exhibition as permanent guides to the student, has this year surpassed itself.

The prehistoric art of Spain is a subject which, a few decades ago, would have made a poor showing, but which recent discoveries and investigations have enriched surprisingly. In a very few years the Institut de Paléontologie Humaine, founded by the Prince of

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Monaco in Paris, and the Commission appointed by the Spanish Junta para Ampliacion de Estudios have gathered a treasure of knowledge of an art that is nearly exclusively a glory of Spain, and finds adequate expression in the exhibition held in the premises of the Amigo del Artes, in the basement of the Modern Museum building at Madrid.

The four large halls, hung with some 300 copies made on the spot, reproductions of photographs and paintings, together with the cases containing many exhibits of weapons and objects found during excavations form the most complete and best ordered collection of its kind that has ever been presented in public.

It is some time since the day when a fox, followed by a dog, took refuge in a deep cavern in Asturias. The huntsmen, to save their dog, enlarged the aperture and thus rediscovered the Cave of Altamira — the Sistine Chapel, as Déchelette calls it, of prehistoric art. That was in 1868. For another eleven years, however, the giant figures of wonderful animals painted on the roof lay hidden from the sight of man. Then a little girl, the daughter of Don Marcelino de Santuola, a Spanish gentleman who was excavating the floor-layers, discovered them by chance.

Señor Santuola did not hesitate to maintain that they were the work of the primitive races that inhabited the earth. A polemic ensued, in which most of the great authorities in Europe were opposed to the views of the Spanish man of science. The discovery of similar paintings in the South of France changed the outlook, and Cartailhac, in 1902, published his famous *Mea Culpa d'un Sceptique*.

Altamira is, nevertheless, still the goal of the enthusiast of prehistoric art, where can be seen the lifelike paintings so indelibly made on the rock that hundreds of centuries of damp — the rock is constantly dripping water — has not effaced them. And there is still the mystery to be fathomed that would explain why many of the drawings are in the darkest and most remote caves, where the light of day never enters, and where the primitive artists must have worked under the greatest difficulties. Many of the figures are superposed; and if it were not that it must be considered an impossible feat, one might explain these wonderful drawings as the outcome of strange rites by which primitive man, standing in the utter darkness of the bowels of the earth, called so strongly on his emotions that his hands were moved to perform the stupendous task of faithfully representing the animals recorded so vividly in his mind's eye.

Few people have been able to view these drawings *in situ*. One who has seen some of them tells me that it is a somewhat thankless yet wonderful experience; one stoops, crawls, scrambles, gets dirt-stained and wet, to be brought up against a rocky wall, there to examine whatever part of the primitive drawing is visible under the light of a torch. One is disappointed until one remembers the conditions under which the drawing was done, and by whom. Then the mystery, the greatness, the dramatic force of the whole thing, overwhelm one.

The great merit of the exhibition in Madrid is that it brings to the glorious daylight of Castile these drawings, faithfully reproduced, where they can cast their spell on the general public. Nobody, whether trained artist or layman, can escape the call those simple lines make. The power of vision and freshness of visual memory they reveal is compelling. The obsession of attention and liberty of treatment these great hunters give proof of, when depicting the wild beasts they fought with primitive weapons, make an appeal that is irresistible.

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Two 'schools,' as one might say, exist in Spanish primitive art. The troglodyte paintings are proper to Cantabria, in Spain, and Aquitaine in France; but in the newly discovered and investigated drawings of the Levante region of Spain (principally Valencia, Murcia, and Catalonia), a form of art has come to light that is so far unique in the world. There is no painting in the dark here — the drawings are done in the light of day, in hollows, clefts, and caves. Moreover, whereas the northern troglodytes ventured only to make single drawings, the men of Levante represent groups and scenes — an enormous progress. Yet, while the isolated drawings made in the dark caves of the North are portrait-like in exactitude and trueness of line, the drawings made in the sunlight of the South show no such surprising qualities. The figures are nearly always small, and their quality is derived from a source that is most modern — movement. There is not the precise line of the Cantabrian artist, but there is a vigor and rhythm of movement that a Greek would not disdain. Don Elias Tormo, the well-known critic, who is responsible for the excellent catalogue of the exhibition, says with regard to these Levante drawings: —

> In the presence of scenes of the chase, of fighting and running, briefly annotated in these rough drawings, the whole art of the ancient Egyptians (so many thousands of years posterior) and the art of Mesopotamia appear very old things. . . . When one observes how truth of line is sacrificed to the expression of dynamic truth, or movement, one sees the triumph of a surprising and unexpected modernism.

It is generally accepted as proved that the primitive man who did the drawings and paintings of Cantabria lived in the Quaternary period, before the art of polishing stone had been devised. The period when the Levante artists worked is still under dispute. Fathers Breuil and Obermaier (the Frenchman and the German who have worked at this common scientific task on neutral ground, through the world war) are of the opinion that both 'schools' are of the Quaternary period. An eminent Spanish authority, Señor Hernandez Pacheco, dissents, and would attribute them to a transitional period between palæolithic and neolithic.

However absorbing and transcendental these questions may appear to men of science, they are still above the grasp of the average visitor, who cannot reckon composedly in matters of thousands of years. What the man in the street can admire, however, are the great red bison, the stags, the ibex, and the horses of Altamira, the ritual dance of Cogul, the mad race of the boar-hunters of Agua Amarga, the honey-searchers of Bicorp (what thick skins they must have had), the mother and child of Minateia, and the great fight of the bowmen of Morella la Vella. If, moreover, he be studiously inclined, he can gain instruction on the spot; for the Friends of Art have thoughtfully provided lecturers chosen among the men who have made some of the recent discoveries and written the thirty-two text-books and pamphlets (twenty-four of which have appeared since 1913), which constitute the library of the exhibition.

Over and above its scientific value this exhibition has another great interest. It is a combination of generous and efficacious private initiative, intelligent State coöperation, and courteous welcome of foreign coöperation, together with a proper pride and faith in national scientific achievements. Morning and afternoon a constant stream of visitors has been passing in and out. Students make notes, and bands of schoolchildren of both sexes

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listen with evident interest to explanations that are brief and to the point. Workmen in the blue tunic of the mechanic also come in, for the press has given excellent publicity to the importance and interest of the exhibits. What a contrast these proletarian visitors make, treading the bright-hued, antique carpets with which the floors are covered and gazing at the photographs of the rugged Iberian sites where their ancestors lived. Instinctively one compares these enlightened citizens with the illiterate peasants toiling in the distant villages near those same sites, bereft of roads and of modern implements; and the conclusion is once more forced upon one that communications and education are the two most pressing wants of Spain.

II

While the inheritors of Roman civilization have been engaged in their four-year struggle, the excavations at Pompeii, the most perfect Roman relic in the world, have continued almost unnoticed.

Night by night guardians have patrolled the ghostly streets of the city to protect its treasures from burglars with an eye to antiques; day by day they have dug and scraped, — sometimes in water nearly waist-deep when they have been working down on the plain between Pompeii and Castellamare, where used to be the sea until volcanic eruptions gave land the victory over water, — to uncover street after street and house after house of what was once a flourishing Roman city of 20,000 inhabitants. Generally, in contrast to Herculaneum, which was literally buried beneath a flood of lava, the actual digging at Pompeii is easy, since most of the covering consists of loose, small pumice stones, but so far little more than half the city has been opened to the public. Of the northeastern half the tourist sees nothing but one street and the Amphitheatre, and he seldom realizes that, when he walks across the fields toward the Amphitheatre, he has beneath him what may one day prove to be the most interesting part of the whole place. At all events, the new excavations, begun in 1911 but still jealously closed to the visitor, are said to be of even greater interest than those which have been made hitherto. Of these newer discoveries I am able to give some details.

If you proceed down the well-known Strada dell' Abondanza northward, beyond the present barrier, you reach a *compitum*, or crossing of two streets, where is a large sacred picture. The *compita* were considered sacred, and were generally marked with sacred pictures and an altar for propitiatory sacrifices to the Lares who had the house and street-crossings under their special protection. In the present case there is a fresco divided into three sections.

The first section consists of a large painting of the twelve Penates, or custodians of the city. From left to right are, first, Jupiter, with sceptre and thunderbolt (no longer very terrifying, as the finger of Time has left him), and Juno, who is next to him, far too faint to please the sightseer. After Juno, in veil and crown, comes Mars, with winged helmet and short red tunic; then Minerva, in long *peplum* and mantle, with the head of the Medusa in relief on her breast; then Hercules, with the skin of the Nemean lion hanging from his arm and his club in his left hand. The sixth picture is a Madonna-like Venus in *peplum* and white veil, carrying a small Cupid; the seventh, Mercury, holding the *caduceus*, or staff, with two serpents twined round it; the

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eighth, Proserpine, with the *modius*, or the measure balanced on her head, as you see the Italian peasants of to-day; the ninth, Vulcan, carrying his hammer; the tenth, Ceres, crowned with ears of corn, carrying a long torch; the eleventh, Apollo, with lyre and *plectrum;* and the twelfth, Diana, in short green tunic, with bow, arrows and lance, and *patera*, or small sacrificial dish.

To the right of this painting, which is probably more interesting than any other found at Pompeii, except that of the Villa of Dionysius, as yet almost unknown to the public, is a sacrificial scene. On each side, the two special Lares of the *compitum* are dancing, and in the centre is the painting of a small group of ministers performing a sacrifice at a marble altar. Below, a large winged demon serpent, the emblem of the Lares, is seen approaching the altar with an offering of two eggs and a pine tree, as a bribe to it to avert the evil eye! Beneath this, again, is a real altar of masonry, built into the wall, on which are still preserved the ashes of the last sacrifice that was held before the fatal August 24, A.D. 79.

Near this *compitum* is a house with the remains of a balcony on the first floor, much larger than the well-known 'House with the Balcony' in the part of the city that has already been opened to the public. One end of the horizontal beam on which the balcony formerly rested is preserved under glass. At another *compitum*, a few houses away, is an important picture of Fortune holding the Cornucopia, with the two Lares of the *compitum* on either side of her, holding between them a sacrificial bowl. Here, too, are a small picture of two gladiators fighting, and the remains of other frescoes.

Other important paintings in this district portray a sacrifice to Cybele; a fine quadriga drawn by four elephants, and, erect in the quadriga, Venus of Pompeii, the patron goddess of the city; and Mercury, with winged helmet and sandals, coming from the cella of a small temple.

One may prophesy that nothing about the new excavations will interest visitors so much as the bar, with many terra-cotta amphoræ still fixed in the ground, and, at the end of the counter, a small furnace. Above this furnace is a cauldron with a lid, in which the excavators still found some liquid that had been placed there on the day of the great catastrophe. This *thermopolium* was probably much frequented, as its walls are covered with election appeals and manifestoes, one of them being for a gentleman named Lollius. Between each two letters of his name are small letters announcing that he was a Duumvir who 'looked after the streets and the sacred buildings,' and therefore felt entitled to appeal for votes.

Another important discovery consists of two porticoes, almost intact, of a pergola above four shops. At present these newer excavations are very carefully guarded, and the largest group of visitors that has seen them was probably a party of a hundred cadets, including Prince Charles of Belgium, from H.M.S Téméraire, who were able to visit them as guests of the Italian Navy. However, it is to be hoped that this privilege will shortly be extended to the ordinary traveler who finds his way to Pompeii.

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A HARDEN INTERVIEW

BY JULES COUZY

From *La Dépêche de Toulouse, June* 19
(Radical Democratic Daily)

Germany has many remarkable men, among whom the one most distinguished for his frankness is Maximilian Harden. This man, who has made such a noise in the world, lives the life of a hermit. I found him in his little cottage at Grünewald, some distance from Berlin, where I had a Sunday appointment with him. He seated me under a portrait of Bismarck, who had been his patron.

'Don't be afraid,' he said, with a mischievous air; 'he will not bite you.' Then he added, laughing: 'So you've come to have me tell you the truth about my dear country? You'll not find me unprepared. Unhappily, I'm too well supplied with facts.

'Germany is blind. My people refuse to see the light. They cannot realize yet that they have been defeated. If they lost the war, they attribute the fact, not to your having won it, but to their having been betrayed by a bizarre conspiracy of Bolsheviki, Jews, and Socialists. That's what they think now.

'Then they have another obsession: that France has become to-day what Germany was yesterday — a nation seeking to devour all the rest! My people regard France as a proud, triumphant country, relentless toward its vanquished enemy. It believes that you do not need the money you demand of us, but that you want it only to gratify your vanity. Our Reichstag and our newspapers daily drive these ideas into people's heads. They unceasingly incite us Germans to hate France. Not a single cabinet before that of Wirth was frank and honest. Each of them committed every blunder in its power. If you had not delivered your ultimatum, backed up by the threat of immediate force, you would have got nothing.

'Germany is face to face with one solid fact: the Treaty of Versailles. Either it should not have signed that Treaty, or having signed it, should fulfill it. A nation, like an individual, is obligated by its honor in such cases. Now up to May 10, 1921, we never had a Chancellor who said: "Let us accommodate ourselves to facts. No one knows whether we can pay you in full. But that is not the principal point for me; the principal thing is the confidence that the debtor should inspire in his creditor." We ought to have given you proof from the first that we were sincere. If we could not fulfill our obligations we should have said to you: "Come and look over the situation for yourselves. We are in a tight place. Give us your advice. Help us get out."

'Instead of doing this, our rulers have devoted themselves to making our people believe your demands are unjust. While you were the true sufferers, you have been painted in Germany as ogres. Our people were told that the Treaty of Versailles, which I personally by no means approve, was the greatest infamy of the century, and that it was not the fault of the Germans that the Empire had been fooled by Wilson's Fourteen Points.

'I am almost the only man who has preached for two years that we must

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not look at the situation thus; that we must see things as they are. That we have played our game and lost, and now must pay the penalty. I have said to my fellow Germans a hundred times: "Did we suffer during the war the way France suffered? No! Then why are you surprised that your share of the suffering should at last begin?"

'I want to say one thing to you. The German people honestly believe that France is an imperialist country. Now I ask the basis for that belief. For my own part I am really surprised at the wisdom which France has displayed. It would have been perfectly logical had a tsar emerged from your victory. But I see none. All the Cæsar-worship that I know of is here in Germany, bestowed upon Hindenburg and Ludendorff, who have been beaten. France is paying no such honor to Foch, who was a conqueror.

'As to the idea that France wants to crush us, I attach no importance whatever to that. But I might have expected something of the kind if Simons or Fehrenbach had been allowed to exasperate France indefinitely, until that country might well say: "These Germans are unendurable; we must abolish them."'

'Has n't there been any change whatever in Germany?' I asked.

'That would be putting it too strong. We have the Republic; but it is not a republic of republicans. We still have a long way to go to get a true republic. A man has to hunt about to find any evidence of the Republic. The flag does n't show it; it is never mentioned in Reichstag speeches. It does n't appear in our official documents. The people who thought it was to bring them a paradise in this world do not love it. Our schools continue to teach that Germany is an empire under an hereditary emperor. People make pilgrimages to the grave of the Kaiser's wife, as if it were a sacred shrine. But don't worry about that. It is merely habit, not conviction.

'The only healthy thing here is our radical parties. They are not dreaming of revenge. Wirth and the men behind him are not strong, but they are honest. It is to your interest not to discourage them, but to help them. Let France ponder this to itself.

'After we had done away with that unhappy Alsace-Lorraine question, I thought that our two nations might become reconciled. With Wirth in power, is n't it worth trying? The life of nations, like the life of men, never pauses on a dead centre. The Treaty of Versailles is not the final word of history. Let us create a more wholesome attitude of mind between France and Germany. Let us start it by economic understanding. Let us try to build up our common interests.

'A man is no better than a barbarian, if he refuses to use every means in his power to insure Europe against another war.'

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A ROYAL DANE IN GREENLAND

BY SVENN PAULSEN

[*King Christian X, of Denmark, recently visited Greenland in commemoration of the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of Hans Egede, the Norwegian missionary, on its coast in 1721, where he founded the first colony of the second Scandinavian occupation in that country. This is the first royal visit to Greenland. The account is by the editor of the Copenhagen* Berlingske Tidende.]

From *Copenhagen Berlingske Tidende, July* 26
(CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

As the royal squadron approached Godthaab in the luminous Arctic night, the scene was one never to be forgotten. From the shadows of the still distant coast a solitary kyak shot toward us like an arrow across the mirror-like surface of the sea. The ship bearing the King stopped. The man and his light craft were pulled aboard togther; and the royal couple greeted with lively interest this first fur-clad messenger from massive, rock-ribbed Greenland.

Simultaneously three larger vessels, decorated as if on parade, emerged from the fjord, sailing toward the royal squadron. A pilot, rowed by five Greenlanders in white *anoraks*, boarded the King's cruiser. Salutes were fired, anchors dropped, and cadets manned the rails. From ashore, between the low, red-painted and whitewashed houses, a small battery boomed an answering greeting into the wonderful Northern night.

Suddenly, as if these rocks along the coast had become alive, hundreds of kyaks shot forth. As they drew nearer, we could see the water curl high under their prows, while the paddles of the fur-clad Eskimos spun like so many mill-wheels. In the wake of the kyaks followed a fleet of small craft filled with women, in pantaloon costumes of red, blue, and white, all paddling at full speed. The governor of the colony, accompanied by the leading citizens, came last in a motor-boat.

Thus a fantastic fleet soon surrounded the King's ship. The people waved their greetings, they laughed, they cheered. The kyak men threw their harpoons and bird-arrows high in the air; spinning their tight-decked boats entirely over in the water, and reappearing with their clothes dripping wet and their black hair clinging to their smiling faces.

Almost encircling the fleet, tower snowclad heights, their tops glistening in the Midnight Sun. Black rocks jut out of the placid surface of the fjords, side by side with white ice-floes. On the barren coast an ancient church, and a cluster of huts, tents, and low houses are visible. The scenic setting seems unreal and fairy-like. All the royal party are fascinated by this first sight of Greenland.

The following morning was Sunday, and the King and his entire party attended services in the native church, where a choir of Greenland women sang most expressively. On his way back to his ship after service, the King spoke to many of the people and was cheered enthusiastically.

A day of festivities followed. Why have not our poets and writers dis-

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covered sooner this wonderland of the Arctic? Ah, *Kaddara!* that is not Greenland, scarcely its faint reflection! The real Greenland cannot be pictured in an opera.

My total impression of the day centres around the singing of the women. Their melodies are as bizarre and rhythmical as their primitive sealskin costumes are colorful and harmonious. Their musical tone-forms are unique, utterly different from the familiar European psalms which they have also learned from Danish missionaries. The same female choir which sang at the morning service delighted us later with its singing at the outdoor festivities. The natives' voices were like the soft cooing of seabirds on their nests, melancholy and merriment alternating, as the cloud shadows and sunlight alternate across Greenland's fjords and sea.

In no aquatic sports, in any part of the world, is more skill displayed than was shown by the Eskimos in handling their kyaks. The Greenlanders are trained to use these frail craft in fair weather and foul. Here, where the battle with the elements is unceasing, apparently dangerous water-feats are as child's play. Though ice-floes surround them and the water approaches freezing temperature, this is their real home.

First came 'ordinary' races; but in truth they were far from ordinary for us. Little wonder that the Eskimo kyak is reputed to rival in speed a swift motor-boat! It fairly flies across the water like a skimming seabird. Then came kyak spinning, in which the hunters from Ustederne displayed their prowess.

Clad in sealskin coats, with black hoods laced tight, both around their faces and to the drumhead deck of their little craft, they sped toward the King's ship like a swarm of bees toward a hive. Suddenly, every kyak upset, its occupant plunging head downward into the water, while the boat's bottom only appeared on the surface. It looked very dangerous. But all at once, as if by a word of command, the hood-clad heads bobbed up again, and each kyak righted itself. Giving their paddles a screw-like twist, the Greenlanders resumed their swift course as if nothing had happened. It was a most brilliant performance; these aquatic tumblers seemed the very seals they hunted.

Then followed a kyak play in which the light skin-boats slid gracefully over the water, while their prows and sterns rose alternately high in the air. Other exhibitions were given without paddles. Again, they showed how they rescued those in distress from drowning.

Admirable, indeed, are these brave hunters of the Arctic seas, their slender craft, their courage! A race that can produce such men ought not to perish. It is entitled to survive, and to contribute its share to the labors of mankind. This lesson went home to the visitors: allowing for nature's handicaps, these Greenlanders have attained a stage of culture that might put to shame other races more fortunately situated.

One impressive scene was the presentation of gifts to the King and Queen. Ten young women advanced across an open space, bearing to the Queen a magnificent eider carpet, patiently pieced together from five hundred soft and beautifully shaded necks of the eider ducks. This carpet was a masterpiece, perhaps unlike anything else in existence. The King's present was exactly characteristic of the country and the people. Ten young men advanced, carrying a large kyak, made from carefully selected coal-black sealskins, sewed together with sinews chosen specially for that purpose. It was a gift certainly fit for a king. It was constructed so as to combine the lightest possible weight with the strength of

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steel. Within the kyak were harpoons, spears, hunting-knives, and arrows, carved from the tooth of the walrus and the narwhal, and beautifully designed. The kyak was built to accommodate the King's tall person.

It was a great disappointment for the Greenlanders that the King did not personally paddle the kyak to his ship. Smilingly the Danish monarch told his subjects that he was immensely pleased with his present, but that he must forego the pleasure of navigating the frail craft until he had learned to manage it.

The King visited a tent-village in a valley near the water, where the hunters from Ustederne pitched camp during the royal visit. In this neigborhood dwell also most of Godthaab's poorer inhabitants, in huts made from earth. The King looked within the tents and huts, spoke kindly to the children, thanking all for their fealty and the handsome presents. In one place, the King crept through a narrow opening into a dugout, where what went for a home had been made by lining the interior with wooden boards. Here he found two old women and a very old man. Calling to his side a young Greenlander as interpreter, the King conversed with them, apparently unmindful of the smell of stale fish-oil and other disagreeable odors that filled the room.

The Greenland natives are passionately fond of dancing. When the fine marine band from the fleet played at the grand ball, in the gymnasium of the Seminary, — where no less a person than Knu Rasmussen untiringly led the hunting-dance, — so many happy Greenlanders of both sexes crowded the floor, together with the Danes, that there was scarcely room to move. But with these simple people, the more the merrier. Those who could not find room in the hall danced in the street outside. Greenland girls danced with sailors, officers, and ship's people, while young natives in neat white *anoraks* chose for partners ladies of the Danish colony. When we were leaving Godthaab harbor, a signal officer, who stayed behind, stood near the landing, playing on a violin to a dancing crowd of Danish marines and native men and women. It was a farewell scene that fastened itself indelibly in our memories.

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THE CLASSICS IN EDUCATION

[*This article is a comment on the recent report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the position of the Classics in the educational system of the United Kingdom, of which there has already been brief notice in* The Living Age.]

From *The London Times, July* 28
(NORTHCLIFFE PRESS)

THE war has made us question everything. It has put, not only the Army and Navy, but all our institutions, on their trial. Our business methods, our railways, our political system, our religious organizations, the Church, Parliament, the Cabinet, nay, even the Crown itself, have been called upon to justify themselves. Some of them have already responded by devising or accepting new constitutions or new spheres of activity. It was not likely or desirable that our educational system would escape the all-embracing spirit of criticism and transformation. Nor has it. An Act of Parliament has been passed which, for imperative reasons of finance cannot come into operation at present, but when it does, will certainly open a new era in the education of those who attend elementary schools, and, more than that, will enlarge the whole national conception of education.

But that act has been by no means the only sign of stirring in our educational waters. Committees have been appointed by the Prime Minister, or the President of the Board, to consider particular aspects of the whole educational problem. One dealt with modern languages, one with natural science, one, which has not yet issued its report, with English. And naturally enough another, whose report lies before us, dealt with the most ancient and the most famous of all the subjects which have occupied the hours of English schoolboys — the Classics of Greece and Rome.

The Committee which now issues its report was appointed in November, 1919. Its reference was 'to inquire into the position to be assigned to the Classics (that is, to the language, literature, and history of Ancient Greece and Rome) in the educational system of the United Kingdom, and to advise as to the means by which the proper study of these subjects may be maintained and improved.' It consisted of nineteen members, with Lord Crewe as chairman. Lord Crewe's varied experiences as a statesman, a man of the world, and a lifelong lover of fine literature, must obviously have provided him with many of the qualifications which, balancing and correcting each other, should make an ideal chairman for a body dealing with such a subject. He was certain to be equally free from the fanaticism of the classical don and the iconoclasm of the commercial utilitarian. There is, in fact, little sign of either in the report: none whatever, indeed, of the latter. The composition of the Committee precluded that. It consisted, quite rightly, of persons whose prejudices — if they had any, as most people have — were born of knowledge of the subject and not of ignorance. They were all, or nearly all, men or women of distinction in the world of learning or of education. Among them were four professors of Classics, including Mr. Gilbert Murray

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and Mr. Rhys Roberts; and there was Professor W. P. Ker to represent English, and Professor Whitehead to represent Science and the Royal Society. Other members were the Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield, Sir Henry Hadow, and Dr. Alington, the Headmaster of Eton.

On the whole, the Committee, if somewhat too exclusively educational in composition, is one which must speak with great authority on the problem submitted to it. Its conclusions would have carried still greater weight if it had had on it more men of the world, men of business, and men of general intelligence and culture, not directly connected with education and not committed to any particular views on the questions to be discussed. But so long as we continue the unfortunate practice of putting experts who ought to be witnesses into the place of jurors, and composing royal commissions of persons whose opinions are well known beforehand, instead of composing them of persons whose opinions are to be formed by the evidence they hear, no such wise appointments could be looked for. Certainly this Committee is as well constituted as it could be on the existing system. For to have followed the precedent of such commissions as the unfortunate Sankey Commission, and to have put on it a few bitter and prejudiced enemies to confront the classical professors, would obviously have rendered its task nearly impossible, and its report as useless, as those of such commissions have commonly been.

As it is, what has this Committee to tell us and what does it recommend? It is, of course, obviously impossible here to discuss in any detail a report of over three hundred pages, which is crammed with facts and statistics throughout. Even the recommendations with which it concludes are so numerous and minute that they cover thirteen pages. It will not be possible to mention more than a few of them. Indeed, many of them would be interesting, or even intelligible, only to educational specialists. But the broad facts and main recommendations should interest a much larger public. What are they?

Well, the Committee is at once alarmist and hopeful. It sets out a very serious situation. Owing to various causes there is a real danger of the disappearance, or something like it, of Greek from our system of secondary and university education, and danger, too, of the reduction of Latin to a position of much less importance than almost all educational authorities desire for it. The causes of this are manifold. The old and occasionally insolent predominance of the Classics in the education of the 'governing classes' produced a reaction which has not yet fully spent itself in the popular mind, though nearly all who have thought much about education know that it went too far. It combined with the general nineteenth-century demand for what was believed to be practical, to produce results which are still at work and are the cause of most of what is unsatisfactory in the situation set forth in this Report. For instance, the old South Kensington Science and Art grants grew out of these ideas; and they are still allowed, in Scotland, to make mathematics, science, and drawing, all compulsory subjects for the Intermediate Examination, a regulation which, in practice, excludes Greek altogether and Latin to a very large extent. All the witnesses from Scottish schools and universities expressed their disapproval of this system; and it is to be hoped that the Committee's recommendation will secure its disappearance.

So again, — and this applies to England, — the new State scholarships, as at present worked, 'amount,' says the Committee, 'to an endowment out of

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public money principally of non-classical subjects.' And the establishment of the recent advanced courses, though probably not intended to favor other subjects to the prejudice of the Classics, has in practice done this. The Committee accordingly recommends their abolition and 'the substitution of the recognition by a special grant of advanced work in any combination of subjects approved by the Board.' So, again, the new regulations for Civil Service examinations are not only far less favorable to Classical candidates than the former ones, but are likely, owing to the proposed reduction of age combined with the premium placed on modern history, to discourage candidates from seeking Classical Honors at the universities.

'All these things are against us,' says the Committee, in effect: these and many other things too. Yet, it by no means takes a despairing view of the position. The truth is perhaps that, while most of the material factors in the problem are against the Classics, the moral factors are more and more in their favor. Bismarck tried in vain to undo his own teaching and persuade German statesmen that 'imponderabilia' were often the things which proved decisive in the end. In this case the imponderabilia seem on the whole to be decisively on the side of the Classics. While ignorant people still repeat the parrot denunciations of fifty years ago, instructed opinion, and even the newest forces of uninstructed opinion, are realizing more and more what English education would lose if it lost the Classics; what, as it is, is lost by the vast majority who cannot or do not touch them. No one, as the Committee expressly says, wishes to restore to them their ancient predominance, to the neglect of other subjects. But almost everyone who cares for education is beginning to feel, or has long felt, that the reaction against them has been carried too far.

The admirable introduction to this Report, with its reasoned justification of the claim of the Classics to a considerable place in a national system of education, was scarcely needed for those who are competent to judge in these matters. It is to be hoped, however, that it will be read and assimilated by many who at present are not. Instructed opinion has, in fact, pronounced its verdict. Many proofs of this might be given. One is enough. Few recent events in the educational world have been more remarkable than the accord which was reached, with little difficulty, during the war between representatives of the Classical and other 'humanistic' studies and the subcommittee of the Board of Scientific Societies, which defined the first object of education as 'the training of human beings in mind and character as citizens of a free country,' and declared that 'any technical preparation of boys and girls for a particular profession or occupation must be consistent with this principle.' Having thus joined in a warning against the most dangerous of all enemies to true education, the representatives of literature and science were able to unite in a number of recommendations reprinted in this Report, one of which is that, 'While it is probably impossible to provide instruction in both Latin and Greek in all secondary schools, provision should be made in every area for teaching in these subjects.' And, in the same spirit, the official committee on the position of natural science in the educational system 'deprecated,' as this Report mentions, 'the overstatement of the merits of science and the depreciation of the value of the Classics.'

These and other like statements are very weighty imponderabilia, if such a phrase is allowable. Regulations of dif-

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ferent sorts, material considerations, and survivals of obsolete prejudice may be against the Classics, but the forces which ultimately conquer are with the plea for their preservation. Sometimes those forces are found in unlooked-for places. The evidence of the business men who appeared before this Committee seems to have been of a nature to surprise the general public. They insisted that technical knowledge carries a young man a very short way in business; and they gave strong testimony to the value of the classical element in education, even apparently preferring the ancient 'humanities' to the modern.

The writer of this review happens to know of a curious case in which a man of business puts these views into practice in very striking fashion. He is the managing director of very large engineering works. He himself left school at the age of sixteen and learned no Classics. But when he is looking out for young men to be trained for the higher administrative posts under him, he insists that they shall have had a university education, and prefers that it shall have been in Classics.

Other support for the Classics comes from a quarter which to most people will seem equally surprising. Members of the Labor Party insisted before this Committee that the average workingman needs a wider outlook, and that this will best be given him by the Classics; and evidence was given of the eagerness with which certain pupils from the elementary schools afterwards take up the study of Greek or Latin. In favored cases they will even begin before they leave school, as may be seen by the thirty crofters' children in Lewis, who are learning Greek! It seems impossible then to believe that this Committee is leading a forlorn hope or dying in a last ditch. The Classics cannot be surrendered. With all intelligent 'humane' opinion enthusiastically on their side, with distinguished representatives of the worlds of science, business, and labor insisting on their value, their future, which need not be the same thing as their past, ought to be assured.

It is possible to be in substantial agreement with nearly all that is said by the Committee and yet to feel that in a sense it has scarcely faced the real problem. That problem is one of time. The day still consists of twenty-four hours; the brains of schoolboys and schoolmasters grow no bigger. But they are asked, they are even forced, to study a dozen subjects which no one thought of their studying a hundred years ago. That is one aspect of the problem. Another is provided by the fact, insufficiently recognized by public schoolmasters of the old type, that, so long as seventy or eighty per cent of their boys leave school without any intellectual interests of any kind, their system must be pronounced a failure. How far is that failure due, in the old public schools, to excessive time given to Greek and Latin? The Committee shows that the number of periods allotted to the Classics in the time-tables is not nearly so great as their critics often suppose, and recommends that it should not be further reduced. It is plainly right. Nothing can be a more complete waste of time than to attempt to teach Virgil or Sophocles by a single lesson once a week. If Greek or Latin are learned at all they must be learned every day.

But there is another possible saving of time which the Committee too easily dismisses or ignores. Why not begin the Classics much later? Why not confine them to boys and girls who have shown some turn for literary studies? The enemies of the Classics and of the classical schoolmasters to-day are nearly all of their own making. The man in the club or the Army who groans over the

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time he wasted at Eton or Winchester has commonly been a boy who, having no turn whatever for languages, was forced to spend about ten years in failing to learn the elements of the two most difficult of all. He is the living proof of the failure of the public schools, just as the man who cares for nothing but football and the cinema, and tolerates the newspapers that are written for him, is the proof of the failure of the elementary schools. It is not the Classics, of course, that have injured the work of the elementary schools; it is mainly the old utilitarian code and the evil influences which it left behind — now, it is to be hoped, in rapid process of removal. But the failure, so far as they have failed, of the public schools is, almost admittedly, partly due to excessive insistence upon the Classics.

How can it be remedied? Some of those who most love the Classics believe that it can be remedied in two ways. First of all, there is considerable evidence, even in this Report, that the Classics would lose little by being begun later. The remarkable success of elementary-school pupils who take up Classics is one indication of this. Professor Conway's evidence as to the good results obtained in Greek at the modern universities by students who began Greek late is another. The Committee itself remarks that those who begin Greek late 'sometimes take to it with special enthusiasm.' Why is that? Because they are not too young to appreciate it. Also for another reason, perhaps. They have the key to what they are doing. English or French have already shown them what is meant by history, poetry, drama, the epic, the ode and the rest. They are not facing two unknown countries at once, the unknown of literature as well as the unknown of language. It is melancholy as well as interesting to hear, as the present writer has heard, of a man of letters and an editor forced to teach himself Greek in middle life because without it he cannot write or judge English as he might, while in his boyhood he had unfortunately not discovered that literature was his vocation, and so worked mainly at mathematics and science till the end of his university career.

But it is still more melancholy, and not at all interesting, to hear of dull little boys struggling with a chorus of the *Ajax* before they are old enough to understand a chorus of *Samson Agonistes*. There are some of the most ardent friends of the Classics who believe that, if English literature were fully and liberally taught before the Classical languages were begun, fewer boys would ever begin Greek or Latin, but many more would master and enjoy those languages and their literatures from which English has learned so much, and on which it throws back such a brilliant light.

This Committee was largely composed of experts, and it is dangerous and presumptuous for amateurs to differ from them. But experts are notoriously often the prisoners of their own specialism. All we would suggest is that some such experiment as this should be tried. It would go a long way to meet the difficulty of congestion. But those who believe in it would urge that that is only the least and basest argument in its favor.

One other and still bolder suggestion may perhaps be made. The Committee points out the unfavorable results that have followed the institution, for the first time, so recently as 1892, of an entrance examination to the Scottish Universities. It says that it has 'crippled Greek and at the same time discouraged the former frequent use of the universities by students who did not trouble about degrees,' and 'were free to attend such classes as they or their parents thought proper.'

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We all remember the exclusion of a different class from Oxford and Cambridge by compulsory Greek. Some members of this Committee avowedly look back regretfully on that exclusion. But — dare one ask the question? — why exclude anybody? Universities should obviously not grant degrees to anybody who has not reached such a standard of general and special knowledge as they may think proper to fix. But why close the doors of knowledge to any aspirant? If a man wishes to live at Oxford or Glasgow, and study Greek art, or biology, or Arabic, or even engineering, why not allow him to do so? Why force him to take a preliminary leap over alien fences, which his brain may very likely refuse, before admitting him to browse in the university pastures? No mere specialist is a fit recipient for a degree. But the degree-takers, as things are, provide very few students in art or in Chinese or in Greek archæology, or other out-of-the-way subjects. Why should not the specialist or enthusiast come in and help to fill the vacant places?

THE EVOLUTION OF SHIPBUILDING

From *The Whitehall Gazette, July*
(London Topical Tory Monthly)

Before the foundation of the maritime city of Tyre, which certainly took place earlier than 1200 B.C. (probably 2000 B.C.), there was a Phœnician legend in being which related that the first man to venture himself upon the water was one Usoous, who took a tree, cleared it of its branches, floated it, and, seated upon it, 'rocked safely on the waves.' The same legend also tells us that, after the venture of Usoous, one Chrysor invented the hook, the bait, and the fishing-line, then combined logs into a raft, and was the first man to navigate the waters for trade and fishing. That was the dawn of the world's shipbuilding enterprise. Later, but still in very early days, we hear of mighty opposing fleets of ships, whose numbers fill us with astonishment and make us think that the shipwright's art must have progressed at a rate almost miraculous. Thus, we learn that Semiramis, Assyria's imperious Queen, 1965 B.C., had a fleet of 3000 ships, with which she conquered the fleet of Staurobates, 4000 strong, at the mouth of the Indus. But our wonder is abated when we learn that the fleet of Semiramis was carried on the backs of camels from the shores of Syria to the Indus's banks. Those 'ships' must have been smaller craft than now compete at Henley regatta, and the fleets of both monarchs could have been comfortably stored in the hold of one of Great Britain's present-day leviathan cargo-boats. But the little rude ships of those far-off ages must not be despised. They were the seeds of an industry destined to be one of the greatest factors in the progress of civilization.

Before the time of Henry VIII, British shipbuilding was of small account. The Venetians, the Spaniards, the Portuguese and the Dutch were all well in front of us. The shipbuilding art had come down to them through the

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centuries from Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, and Mediterranean settlers, in turn. The lines of the Venetian shipwrights were generally followed. King Henry looked about him for the best craftsmen of his day, and found them in the Italians. So he invited some of the latter to his kingdom, in order that 'for a Royal reward they should impart to his subjects their superior skill.' Several 'shippes royall' were put in hand and built 'with greate speede, so swifte was the native Englishe genius of the sea to seize upon the crafte so necessarie to her.' The greatest of these ships was the Regent of about 900 tons, an enormous vessel for her day, carrying 600 men. She was burned in an action at sea the year following her building, and was replaced by the Harry Grace à Dieu, otherwise the Great Henry. A clumsy vessel this to modern eyes, but the wonder of her time.

The first real advance in securing stability and great carrying power in a ship was made by a British architect, Phineas Pett, who built the Sovereign of the Seas, to carry 100 guns, in 1637. After launching he found that her enormous upper works, in which he had followed the fashion and, incidentally, the shipping defect of his period, made her somewhat unstable. So he took her back, boldly swept away all the cumbrous upper fittings, increased her length, gave her two decks instead of the original three, and refloated her as the Royal Sovereign. Under this latter title she remained for sixty years the finest, staunchest, and most easily handled vessel in the British Navy, far in advance of any other ship of her kind in the world.

All these advances and many others of note were, of course, accomplished under the old system of wooden shipbuilding in which England, from Henry VIII's time onward, held the world's premier place. With the advent of steam and iron came great changes in marine construction, and again with notable advantage to Great Britain.

The first iron ships, none of very great capacity, were laid down somewhere between 1801 and 1802. They were received at first with dubiety. But they proved staunch in situations that would have badly damaged wooden vessels, and iron was accepted as a useful shipbuilding material. Wooden ships had a length limit, — approximately 200 to 250 feet, — beyond which it was impossible to go with safety. A longer vessel was liable to break her back and perish. Naval architects, and indeed all shipowners, wanted longer, larger vessels to satisfy the growing needs of the world. It was the old yearning for greater carrying capacity, dating from the time when men first went to sea. In iron, and, later, still more in mild steel, naval architects believed they had found the material to give them a larger ship. But they were confronted with the limitation of the prevailing system of transverse construction. With iron they could certainly have bigger and longer vessels than on the old system, but not nearly so long or so large as was eminently desirable.

The first man to make a real attempt to overcome the difficult problem, and who to some extent succeeded in doing so, was one of the greatest masters of shipbuilding of his time — John Scott Russell. He saw that a longitudinal system would require greater skill on the part of the builders than had ever been called forth; that a blunder in longitudinal building would be more disastrous than any that could be made under the old system. But he was not daunted, and, setting to work, he elaborated a new system. This, briefly, was to utilize deep continuous frames riveted to the shell and running lengthwise of the vessel, and to rivet his trans-

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verse frames between these. He took his plan to Isambard K. Brunel, the famous engineer, who worked out the design; and on January 31, 1858, was launched the most formidable vessel the world had up to that time seen, the famous Great Eastern. With a weight of 12,000 tons, a length of 692 feet, and a breadth of 83 feet, she was called the eighth wonder of the world. That she was a commercial failure, we know, but in a sense she was a glorious failure; she demonstrated the possibilities of British shipbuilding, and inaugurated the era of big ships.

It was in the year that the Great Eastern was engaged in laying the Bombay-to-Suez cable, one of the most successful things she ever did, — in one lucky year, 1870, — that the man was born who was to make longitudinal shipbuilding a successful commercial proposition. This successful solver of the great shipbuilding problem is Sir Joseph William Isherwood, a son of Mr. Joseph Isherwood, a well-known engineer. When he was fifteen, Sir Joseph became an apprentice in the drawing-office of a shipyard company. Here he made remarkable progress, and when his apprenticeship was completed, served the firm in various responsible positions until he left them to take up the highly technical and onerous office of ship's surveyor to *Lloyd's Register of Shipping*. Here he was specifically engaged in examining and reporting on the various structural plans of vessels submitted to *Lloyd's Register* for approval.

In the course of his work he became convinced that it was imperative to secure an improvement in ship-design that should reconcile two seemingly conflicting objects — larger carrying capacity, and greater economy in construction. He had noted the almost slavish adherence of builders to early principles, the principles that governed the art of wood-ship construction almost from its beginning. Where wood is the material used, those principles are still sound — indeed, canonical. With iron, and still more with steel, the case is altered. The old system of framing a ship with vertical ribs, or, as they are now called, transverse frames, closely spaced, so as to extend completely round the inside of the vessel's planking, and all associated at close intervals with transverse beams, is sure and economical where wood is used. For iron and steel ships of small capacity it is still sound, though less economical, and always it limits length and burden. The Great Eastern, modifying the old system, had achieved hitherto unheard-of length and carrying capacity, but at a cost that made her hopeless as a commercial proposition. The old problem of obtaining a large increase in carrying capacity, without lessening the safety margin or reducing profits to the vanishing point, still remained.

To these problems Mr. Isherwood devoted years of study; and in 1906 he was able to say, 'I have found what I have been seeking.' The new system violated many of the old ideas. It made the cross-frames continuous, and rigidly connected with the skin of the ship. In the Great Eastern, Scott Russell had fitted his ribs in sections, as short pieces between continous longitudinal members. Isherwood widely spaced the ribs, making them so deep and strong as to be points of rigidity for fixing the span and determining the scantlings of the stiffening longitudinal members. In minor essentials the variations between the new and the old systems were as bold as they were numerous. Builders wedded to the ancient notions shook their heads and prophesied ignominious failure. They were particularly sure that the wide-spacing distances between the ribs jeopardized the whole structure. Mr. Isherwood, calmly con-

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fident, told them that experience would justify his faith in his system. He was right; and many of his earliest and bitterest critics are to-day zealous converts to his creed.

The first vessel built on the Isherwood system was the Paul Paix in 1908, an oil-tank steamer of 6600 tons deadweight. This vessel was soon followed by a shelter-deck River Plate liner, the Gascony, with a deadweight carrying capacity of 5660 tons. The two vessels were great and immediate successes. They inaugurated the career of unbroken triumphs which render the Isherwood system one of the most remarkable achievements in the history of shipbuilding.

Up to the present time about a thousand vessels of all types have been constructed, having an aggregate deadweight carrying capacity of some eight million tons. These vessels range in size and type from light-scantling, light-draft, inland-water, passenger vessels of 134 feet length, up to the fine River Plate passenger and cargo liner, Vestris, 500 feet long, and larger vessels now under construction for the United States Shipping Board. On this huge output of shipbuilding the Isherwood System has saved over 250,000 tons of finished steel, which would have required for its manufacture 1,250,000 tons of raw material. It has increased the deadweight carrying capacity of the vessels built under it, as against what would have been their capacity under the old system, by approximately 300,000 tons, which in itself almost equals the output for any one of our busiest shipbuilding years.

TWO VIEWS OF WAR

BY ANATOLE FRANCE

[*The following is an extract from the sequel of this distinguished author's* Petit Pierre *now being published in* La Revue de Paris. *The two characters here presented will be familiar to readers of the earlier novel.*]

From *Le Populaire, June* 16
(Moderate Socialist Daily)

Mr. Dubois, who was older than Mr. Danquin, also had a personal memory of Napoleon. He related it as follows: —

'I saw and listened to this remarkable man when his fortunes were already beginning to decline. It was in 1812, just after our sombre victory on the Moskova. Accompanied by several officers of high rank, he visited the field of battle, which was still covered with the dead and wounded. Apparently he had not yet shaken off the strange torpor which had seized him the night before, while the battle was yet in progress. I was slightly wounded, and was hunting for my canteen, which had gone astray, when his arrival took me unawares. Just then a colonel of the guard was saying: —

'"Sire, our enemies are massed most heavily behind that ravine."

'At these words, his face contracted

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with fearful anger and he said in a formidable voice: —

'"What's that, sir? There are no such things as enemies on a battlefield. There are only men."

'I have reflected on that statement many times since then, and on the tone of voice in which it was made. I do not believe that it was an outburst of humane sentiment on Napoleon's part — what he really wanted was to discipline the sentiment of his officers, and to make them completely slaves of the military spirit.'

In 1855, the Italian War brought France and Austria into conflict. The battles which were drenching Lombardy with blood greatly alarmed my mother, who had always feared, from the time when I was a child, that a war would take me from her.

Here are the words which Mr. Dubois addressed to her one day during that year. I wrote them down from memory at the time.

'In my youth, one man, Napoleon, decided whether there should be war or peace. Unhappily for Europe, he preferred war to civil administration, although he displayed remarkable talent in the latter. War gave him glory. Glory has been in all ages the ambition of kings. The leaders of our Revolution thirsted for it as eagerly as any monarch. I greatly fear that the financiers and captains of industry, who are gradually becoming the masters of Europe, will prove just as warlike as were the kings, and Napoleon who preceded them. They are equally advocates of war, both because wars enable them to add vastly to their private fortunes by furnishing munitions, which the people as a whole must pay for, and because, if they win a victory, it will widen still farther their opportunities of gain. And people invariably expect victory. Patriotism makes it a crime to doubt victory.

'Wars are made in most cases by a very small group of men. The ease with which these men lead the people by the nose is astounding. The methods they use are old and familiar and invariably succeed. They begin by inventing stories of injuries and atrocities committed by some foreign power, of insults which can be washed out only by blood. Our moral conscience should tell us that the cruelties and the perfidies which are inherent in war can never, under any circumstances, clear the honor of the nation which commits them, but in truth only stain its honor worse than ever. Common people are persuaded that the interest of the nation bids them rush to arms, when the truth is that nations are always injured, and even ruined, by wars; and that wars invariably impoverish the masses and enrich only a small number of lucky individuals.

'However, it is hardly necessary for the little group of interested war-promoters even to use these fallacious appeals. It is enough to beat a drum and to wave a flag, to rally an enthusiastic mob ready to rush headlong to carnage and death. The truth is that the masses in every country are glad to go to war. War breaks the deadly monotony of their everyday life, and promises them license and adventure. Sure pay, a chance to see strange countries and to win glory, compensate for every danger. Indeed we can truly say that men worship war. It gives them the intensest excitement they can experience in this world, that of killing men. To be sure, they run the risk of being killed themselves; but young men never really expect to die, and in the intoxication of slaughter they forget their risks. I have fought as a soldier, and you can believe me when I tell you that to strike down an enemy is, for nine men out of ten, a pleasure and a delight compared with which any other sensual gratification is but as water taken after wine.

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'Just balance peace and war against each other. The labors of peace are long, monotonous, often painful, and they bring no glory to most of those who perform them. The labors of war are brief, quick, easy, within the grasp of the lowest intelligence. War does not call for minds of first rank, even of its leaders; it does not demand any brain whatever of the common soldier. Any man will make fair cannon-fodder. That is a universal endowment of our race.'

My mother never agreed with Mr. Dubois. She believed war the worst calamity which can befall us, the most horrible thing in the world for a mother. But it offended her when people talked of war like that. She preferred, in spite of everything, Mr. Danquin's way of discussing it. He loved to tell how the French brought liberty to the world at the point of the bayonet, and taught me that to die for my Fatherland was the fairest and the worthiest of deaths.

THE DUTY OF INTELLECTUALS

BY HENRI BARBUSSE

[*Henri Barbusse has a new book in press entitled,* Le couteau entre les dents, *the opening paragraphs of which we print below.*]

From *Clarté, June* 17
(PARIS RADICAL PACIFIST DAILY)

WE have often — my comrades and I — spoken to the intellectuals regarding their duty to society. I am going to do this again here, with a little more fervor perhaps than ever. At a moment like this, when we are caught in a vortex of conflicting facts and theories, it is urgent that men should speak louder, clearer, and more to the point than ever before; that no one should shirk his duty.

Intellectuals — I mean those who think, and not the entertainers and clowns and parasites and profiteers of the intellect — are the men who seek and point out the thread of reason and meaning which runs through the chaos of life. Whether they be savants, philosophers, critics, or poets, their eternal mission is to discover and define truth in its manifold expressions, by formulas, laws, and acts. They determine its course and direction; they have the almost divine gift of calling things by their true names. In their mouths, truth confesses itself and becomes intelligible; it leaps forth fully armed from their brains, to point the path to faith and deeds. That supreme service has made the intellectuals, the laborers of the intellect, pioneers in this endless drama of human history, which is always just beginning and never finished.

Their first duty to-day is to yield themselves utterly to the great human drama which is whirling past us at this moment. Professional honor bids them

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comprehend the full grandeur of its present climax; and to lift themselves above all petty and transient prejudices and interests, to free themselves from all earthly clogs of the spirit, to rise to those higher realms of clearer vision, where they may continue to be effective workers in the great task at hand. In truth, it is not easy to rise above the embroilments of the moment, to liberate ourselves from the enchaining events around us. None the less, that is our duty.

We know that the social question is not the whole question of the race; but it is the one in which we can be most helpful, the one which most urgently demands immediate intellectual elucidation. It stands for the next stage in the path of human progress. It clears the way; it pioneers the route toward higher things.

Time was when the physical and natural sciences were hampered and held back by metaphysics and religion. This confusion caused their stagnation and senseless sterility for well-nigh 2000 years. Scientific research did not begin to be fruitful until it liberated itself from these paralyzing entanglements, and confined itself strictly to observing and experimenting methodically with positive facts; until it banished mysticism, and renounced its pathetic and visionary search for an ultimate cause, for the essence of being, and for other metaphysical abstractions. Once past this stage, science was able speedily to define and classify its materials, to convert the apparent disorder of the phenomenal world into order, to describe laws, to accumulate a wealth of definite knowledge. *Savoir, c'est prévoir et pouvoir*, in the words of one of the great pioneers of the scientific method.

This should be the method henceforth in social science. In days like these, when a quick succession of crises of growing violence compels us to deal with things as they are, it becomes our duty more than ever before to organize our thinking and action on a scientific basis, and to know definitely whither our course leads.

I do not propose a new religion. I do not propose a terrestrial paradise, or anything else that savors of magic and of the supernatural. Our task is no longer to seek 'the perfect happiness of mankind,' or to discover some magic formula that will make love and fraternity blossom upon the earth. These terms relate to emotional ideals, to metaphysical entities, with which social science is not called upon to deal. They are matters which relate to the private life of the individual — and should remain there.

Many noble spirits insist upon confusing social and moral progress. They refuse to believe in material reforms except as an outcome, a result of spiritual and moral reforms modifying radically human nature. They say: 'If you are going to reform society, you must first reform men.'

By thus enlarging and confusing the problem, we render it vague and impossible of accomplishment. Undoubtedly, if all men were good, society would immediately become perfect; but we have no grounds for believing that human goodness will ever become so universal as to supersede our social and political restraints. All history teaches the natural fallibility of man, and that, even though the masses may be stirred for a brief period, or even a whole generation, by some great moral or æsthetic ideal, the latter loses its force — and indeed degenerates into its own very opposite — unless it is constantly corrected and reinforced by some stable criterion, by some basis of positive knowledge.

Sentimental reform has but momentary value in social progress. As a re-

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action from an evil, it may be a wholesome, destructive force, to clear the air, but it is of brief utility. When faced by the task of construction, the emotional reformer is without a plan, and helpless. Let us cherish the pious hope in the future moral betterment of our race, but let us not overlook the futility of making that hope the basis of a practical social programme.

WOMAN: THE ETERNAL TOPIC

BY ROSE MACAULAY

[*Miss Macaulay is an English novelist whose latest book,* Dangerous Ages, *dealing mainly with the lives of a group of women, has roused much discussion.*]

From *The Outlook, August* 6
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

There is a number of puzzling facts connected with the strange life lived by humanity and others on this perplexing and surely unusual planet. There is a vast number of questions that the inquisitive will be forever asking themselves and their neighbors, and of these only the smaller part receive any satisfying answers. Not among these last are the inquiries rising out of a remark carelessly made to me the other day by one who never inquires, but takes all for granted. 'Women,' she said, 'are a topic. Men are n't.'

It is entirely true. Man is not a topic; he is merely a sex — hardly, in fact, even a sex, for he is humanity and women are *the* Sex (in spite of their present preponderance in numbers). As a topic, woman is a hardy annual. Annual? No, a hardy monthly, seminal, daily. Women's clothes: are they too few, too short, too transparent, too tight, too cool? (Who ever discusses thus seriously the garments of men, whether they are too many, too thick, too hot, too much designed to be a lure to the other sex?) Mateless maidens, surplus women, women as a social danger, the modern girl — is she different from her grandmother? Are women becoming more (if possible) dishonest? more ill-mannered? Should they smoke in baby's face? What kind of women do men prefer? And so on, and so on, and so on.

The psychology, physiology, rights and status of woman — how far more often they are discussed than those of man. Man too, presumably, has a status, has his rights, even his psychology — and Rousseau and Tom Paine and their contemporaries used to discuss them at length at one time. But in these days women hold the field. It is possible, even probable, that there are also too many men — but newspapers do not point it out in the rather rude manner they adopt where women are concerned. And why? Merely because woman is a topic; she is interesting; it is even interesting, therefore, though deplorable, that there should be too many examples of her. She is a problem to be discussed and dealt with. 'The mentality of women,' people say,

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just as if women were Germans, who notoriously possess mentalities. People no more write of the mentality of men than they wrote during the war (we are beginning to do it a little now, owing to Silesia) of the mentality of Frenchmen.

Women are regarded in some quarters rather as a curious and interesting kind of beetle, whose habits repay investigation. Someone writes a novel about a woman, even a bad novel, and there will not be lacking critics who will say, 'Here at last is the truth about woman!' (One should perhaps apologize for quoting this particular phrase, for I have been informed by the rightly indignant user of it that he only used it in a private letter of thanks for the book, and on these difficult occasions one must, as we all know, say something foolish. But still, it may stand as an example.) Any number of books about men may be written by the biographers of adolescent manhood, and no one says (or do they perhaps say it in letters of thanks to the authors?) 'Here at last is the truth about man.'

Why do they say it of one sex and not of the other? It is no use asking them; they do not know. They vaguely feel that woman is a topic under investigation, and man is not. We do not get up correspondences in the press during the silly seasons (all seasons are pretty silly), comparing the man of today with the man of fifty years ago; we take it for granted that the manners and habits of men slowly alter, and have always slowly altered; but that those of women should also do so seems to many people profoundly interesting. So much are women regarded as a topic, rather than merely as people, that in some circles (army messes, for instance) they are a forbidden topic. Among no feminine military organizations, — Waacs, Fannies, Wrens, V.A.D.'s, or Land Armies, — was man (one believes) ever a forbidden topic.

One might think that this studying of the topic of woman came from the fact that literature and thought have, anyhow till lately, been in the main in the hands of men, and men have found themselves unable to accept women as an ordinary, and not at all out of the way, section of humanity, but have really believed them to be a kind of extra-human species. But this cannot be the only explanation, for of late years women themselves have enthusiastically weighed in with discussions of their own status and qualities.

It seems hardly fair to men, who are, after all, quite as interesting in their way, and more unusual. Why should we not now put up man as a topic? We have talked a great deal about whether women should have votes, degrees, seats in Parliament, holy orders, tobacco, and other privileges. Why not discuss now whether men should have cool muslin clothes, seats in buses, parasols, and face-powder? Why not write books and articles about them? Two well-known writers have, during the past year, written books on women — *Our Women* and *The Good Englishwoman*, they were called. It is time someone wrote corresponding works on man.

It lately came to my knowledge that a daily paper intended starting this autumn a correspondence on the New Woman, and was asking various literary people to assist in chasing this ancient hare. Will not some other paper open its columns to thoughts on the New Man? For Man is quite as new, which, however, is not saying much. Man will repay the trouble expended on his study; he is an interesting creature. All sorts of thoughts about him come into one's head directly one begins to think him over. Has he a sense of humor, of fair play? Should he wear knickerbockers in the country and display the leg to the knee, thus attract-

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ing women? Should he smoke, vote, preach in church? How can he arrange his life so as to be happy though unmarried? Are his manners less graceful than they were? Is he becoming unmasculine, unsexed? Should he play violent games? Is he incomplete without fatherhood? Is he an individual, or mainly intended for a helpmeet to woman? Is the modern youth different from his grandfather? What constitutes a surplus man? What, in brief, is man really like?

Meanwhile, I should like to offer any daily and nearly any weekly paper a wager that it will not be able to keep woman, as a topic, in one aspect or another, out of its columns for a clear month from now.

When did this thing begin? Has it always been so throughout the ages (except among the Early Fathers and mediæval saints, by whom woman was written of, not as a topic, but as a temptation)? Did Adam speculate and talk about Eve, her dress (or undress), her habits, mentality, status, and uses, while Eve took Adam for granted as a being much like herself? Probably; and Eve, no doubt, was a little flattered by such interest, a little amused, and a good deal bored. Perhaps she would really have preferred to have been taken for granted, which is so restful.

Anyhow, there it is. Woman *is* a topic, never out of date; and even if man, too, can be made into one, she need have no fear of being superseded. There must be something about her more interesting and more perplexing than appears to the casual eye.

QUAKER SCHOOL-LUNCHES

BY FRITZ PASTORIUS

From *Berliner Tageblatt, July* 17
(LIBERAL DAILY)

'RR! RR!' Short staccato whispers trill across the schoolroom.

Every boy understands: Quaker! Here and there a head is raised and turned, exhibiting a school-lad's laughing features. Interchanges of intelligence by wink or gesture follow. All this is meant to say: 'Ready now! Only five minutes more!'

Eight boys rise quietly, and tiptoe out of the room like Redskins on the warpath — except that each carries a dish instead of a tomahawk. As soon as they are out of sight, the other boys listen intently and watch Dr. Fuchs, the schoolmaster. He also stops a minute and listens.

Then he makes a motion toward the door, muttering through his teeth, 'Young savages!' However, he thinks better of it and, turning to the class, remarks, good-humoredly: 'Well, it's the sooner over that way!'

He refers to the first-grade boys who are storming down the hall toward the gymnasium. They rattle their spoons in their tin dishes as they go, delighted with this lovely harmony; and here and

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there a boy is unable to repress a shout of gleeful expectation.

By this time 'Quakers' are coming from their class-rooms in all directions, and forming a long queue in the gymnasium. There are nearly a hundred of them; quite a sixth of the pupils in the school. They are undernourished boys, who have been selected by physical examination to receive a supplementary meal each day.

A doctor examined them at the close of the previous semester. One of the school officials took the pupils to the principal's office where they received the laconic order: 'Strip to the waist.' Some of the boys refused as soon as they discovered what the purpose was; whereupon their schoolmates promptly nicknamed them, 'Fatty,' or the like, or solicitously asked whether their shirts were torn. Those who complied were then examined by the doctor, who noted whether they were pale or not, whether their muscles were firm or flabby, whether their spines were straight or crooked. Then he listened carefully for heart weakness, one of the surest symptoms that these little lads had not escaped the effect of war privations. After this they were listed: 'Yes,' or 'No,' or 'Under observation.'

It is in this way that the boys in the gymnasium were selected. A male teacher in charge there stands at the head of the long line, holding a punch like that of a tramway conductor in his hand. When all are in order, the smallest boys in front, he says, 'Let her go!'

The first lad, a tiny, spindling, second-grade boy, with big brilliant eyes, has been peering curiously through the doorway toward the side of the next room, where a lady teacher presides over a huge steaming kettle. Kulicke, the gymnasium assistant, is stationed by her, in charge of a pile of uniform thick slices of round white bread.

The youngster's ocular inspection was obviously insufficient; for when he hands his red ticket, with its separate square for every day of the month, to the teacher, to be punched, he whispers confidentially: 'What do we get to-day, sir?'

'Oh, you just wait a moment!'

'Chocolate soup?'

The teacher nods with a laugh, and in an instant the whole queue is dancing up and down with joy.

'Ah, fine! Chocolate soup! That's bully!'

Their impatience increases. 'Shove along!' Hands are stretched forward, holding their tickets toward the teacher. Click! Click! It is a jolly little click to the waiting school-lads.

Evidently some of the cards are hard to punch. 'Next month,' says the teacher, 'you must n't paste your tickets on such heavy pasteboard. You, lad, must have glued yours to a piece of a book-cover. I can't make any impression on it.'

The embarrassed owner stammers: 'My father — he — thought —'

"Pass along there!' the teacher interrupts, crossing out the date with his pencil, instead.

The next lad steps up to the teacher quickly, and whispers in a timid voice: "I forgot my ticket.'

'Tut, tut! Next time you won't get anything. But since we have chocolate soup to-day, run along. I'll punch your ticket to-morrow. Next!'

As soon as the boys are admitted, they skip and jump down toward the kettle. But no; to-day is Monday. They must first pass over to the right, to the desk of the gymnasium director; for on Monday they have to pay for the previous week: six times twenty-five pfennig equals one mark fifty pfennig.

The first boy to reach the desk, Deubner, a fourth-grade lad, has a two-mark bill.

The director exclaims with a touch of

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irritation: 'Why have n't you even change? Wait there!' And crossing out the six minus-signs on his book to make them plus-signs, he calls, 'Next! Bredow!'

' I was here only three times. I was sick.'

'Well then, seventy-five pfennig! A mark? Wait then!' and he makes three crosses.

So these two lads stand aside on the director's left, like the goats at the day of judgment, casting longing glances toward the steaming chocolate kettle.

Usually they had run ahead of the others and were first in line, and — The third is already at the desk, and they watch little Masovius, who has brought precisely a mark and a half, run past them and reach the promised land.

'Here, Deubner, are your fifty pfennig.' The lad was sunk in thought, and jumped with fright when his name was mentioned. He has hardly picked up the fifty pfennig when the director calls, 'Next. Domke!'

Hesitating, and with fear in his big eyes, almost certain he would be turned back right now, on chocolate-soup day, this little fellows whispers inaudibly: 'I — have — forgot — my money.'

'To-morrow!' is the good-natured answer; and the little lad bounds off toward the soup-kettle like a rubber ball.

'Next! Steinfeld!' He pays, and gets his pluses.

And so it goes.

'Here, Bredow, are your twenty-five pfennig!'

The boy who had been second in the row steps forward eagerly for his change at last; he had almost given up hope.

'Next! What's your name?'

'I came to pay for my brother, Wilhelm!' At the same time the lad hands a ten-mark bill to the director, and seven little bills are thrust back to him in change. Taking them, he steps a little closer to the director and asks, timidly, and with great embarrassment: 'My father told me to ask why we have to pay?'

'Well, my lad, you ought to know that already. Here! Read for yourself.' The doctor points to a big poster in the corner.

The boy reads: 'American Friends' Service Committee of America. Notice.'

'Now read paragraph three.'

Wilhelm knows that the director can be impatient, and so he stammers: 'The parents' contribution is not to pay for the food, but merely to meet part of the cost of preparation.'

'Do you understand it?'

The boy nods eagerly, 'Yes.'

'What do you think it means?'

The boy is frightened. 'That — that the Quakers do not prepare the food — but that — that —'

'Well, then, what next?'

'— but that we eat it.'

'Oh, nonsense, boy! Now listen to what I tell you! The Quakers furnish rice and flour and beans and all the rest, and the city of Berlin provides for its preparation, supplies cooking utensils, and distributes the cooked food to the different schools. Your father pays twenty-five pfennig a luncheon towards that part of it. Next!'

By this time there are a few more goats on the left; but eventually all are passed and hasten on to get their portion of chocolate soup, and a slice of white bread. It is honest-and-true white bread, a beautiful white bread, which the poor little slum children have not seen for years, to say nothing of eating.

Three slices are left over. Little Senkpiel, a third-grade boy, comes up and asks: 'May I have another piece?'

'Half a slice. Some others will want more, too.'

By this time quite a group of little

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folks again surrounds the teacher at the kettle, to get a second portion. On chocolate-soup day there is no lack of applicants. The children sit on low benches by long tables, and diligently ply their spoons. One boy has a tin basin, others have brown, blue, green, and white enamel-ware dishes. Over in a corner is a boy with a soldier's field plate. He says proudly: 'It's dad's. I borrowed it.' Farther to the left, a timid little lad is diffidently concealing his dish as he eats. It is an old tin can. But they all do their duty; the spoons scrape busily against the sides of their dishes.

Indeed it is a merry sight, and one that makes your heart beat faster, to see all these little boys reveling so wholeheartedly over their food. To-day in particular they are racing each other. But that does not prevent a constant chatter. One big lad has seated himself in a distant corner, as if to get more elbow-room. Next to him is little Siebe from the primary class. Although he evidently enjoys his chocolate, he dallies over it and nibbles at his slice of bread, instead of attacking it voraciously the way the others do. The teacher says to him: 'Lay to, Siebe! Brace up! You'll never get through!'

The little fellow blushes; he is embarrassed, and casts a half-smiling, half-diffident, but touchingly appealing glance on either side. For a moment he plies his spoon vigorously, and bites valiantly into his white bread. But a minute later he is again 'slow Peter.'

The boy next to him jumps up and hastens over to the kettle. 'Can I have another helping?'

'All gone,' answers the lady.

'Gone already?' exclaims the boy, in a disappointed voice. And a number of others echo, 'Gone already?'

'Chocolate-soup day you want to lick the kettle, don't you?'

'There's a little on the edge. Can't I scrape it off?'

The teacher and the other children burst into laughter. 'Go 'long with you; get what you can.' And the boy actually does manage to find a teaspoonful in the bottom, which naturally tastes better than all he had had before.

Just then the bell rings. But some of the children still delay. The teachers who have classes waiting for the next period hurry them.

Little Seibe lingers, plying his spoon vigorously, but his basin is not yet empty. The teacher waits patiently a moment, intuitively realizing that some of these delicate, blood-impoverished children of the slums have no real appetite for the very food which their systems so urgently need.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

LIGHT-FOOT

BY BERNARD RAYMUND

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Green Tatters

Green tatters flung to every wind,
Swinging from the crooked arms of walnuts,
Flying from the storm-tops of maples,
Every poplar a-flutter
With green and silver,
Bending, bending, bending.

When did it happen?
When were these green tatters
Flung out to every wind?
When did the new grass
Go blazing over the hills?
Who can remember
When the sky was heavy with bare branches?
Who can remember
Any day not filled with green and silver,
Bending, bending, bending?

Runners

Moonseed and honeysuckle
Running along old walls
Fling out bare arms, bend down a peach tree,
And so clamber
Out into the roadside,
To loaf in the deep grass,
Curl about blackberry canes
And shake down storms of white petals.
Away and away, following
A lazy mud-road,
Out between the tumbled fences,
Out among the pastures.
O runners,
Let me go with you;
Let me clamber over an old wall,
And, breaking through blackberry canes,
Let me follow you
Barefoot along a thick roadside,
Away and away.
Wait for me, I am coming,
Moonseed and honeysuckle!

THE ORGAN DONKEY

BY MARY MORISON WEBSTER

[*The Chapbook*]

Unheeded on the city street,
With long ears folded closely in,
Gray stone before, behind the din
Of music, resonant, unsweet,
Where sunlight strikes the sleepy roofs
And carts go past with morning fare,
All sadly strange and unaware,
He stands on patient, dusty hoofs:
His glazed eyes stare into the sun,
Through shaggy brows they mutely stare
Across the noisy street to where
The little unschooled children run,
As if he dreamed of goodlier fields
And pastures green where springs are sweet.
His glazed eyes stare into the street,
And blink behind their leathern shields,
While carts go past with plenteous freight,
And still on crude, unlovely key
The handle spells the 'Rosary,'
With long mellifluous taunts at fate.
Unheeded in his harness bands,
With gray ears closely folded in,
Unloved, supremely wise and thin,
Misunderstood, the donkey stands.

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ARCHIVES OF THE VATICAN

DURING his visit to England, where he attended the Bible Congress held at Cambridge University, Cardinal Gasquet gave an interview to a writer of the London *Times*, who came to secure information about the eminent scholar's work in the Vatican Archives, which have been under his care since 1918. The Cardinal, whose official title is Prefect of the Vatican Archives, has spent most of the three years of his incumbency in directing the rearrangement of the enormous collection of manuscripts, which were in chaotic confusion, never having been properly reclassified after their return to Rome from Paris, whither they had been carried by Napoleon.

Himself an Englishman, born in London in 1846, Cardinal Gasquet has devoted especial attention to the English manuscripts of the collection, and by the time he returns to Italy, twelve stout volumes will await him there to attest the success of his labors.

They are all of outstanding interest [said the Cardinal], although different manuscripts will appeal to different people for different reasons. For example, there are two letters from Edmund Burke in his own handwriting. They are both written to the Vatican, and in one he urges with energy and almost with violence the advantages of an alliance between this country and the Holy See. Then there is a letter from Nelson, thanking the Pope for having given him permission to revictual his ships at an Italian port; and others from Hood. One particularly interesting manuscript gives a graphic description of the battle of Toulon.

In addition there is a whole series of letters from Cardinal Erskine, who was Ambassador in England during the reign of George III. He kept the Vatican very well informed of all his deeds and movements, and some of his comments on contemporary figures and contemporary society are exceedingly interesting. It would not be too much to say that no one who wants to study that period in English history could afford to neglect that series of letters, several hundred in number, which have hitherto been hidden away in the library at the Vatican. There are also some very interesting letters in the archives of other countries, and the French archives of the time of Napoleon are very instructive. The Pope was all for neutrality, and there are some truculent letters from France ordering him to drive all the English out of his territory with all possible speed.

Pope Leo XIII was the first to make these manuscripts and archives fairly accessible to the public, and there has always since then been a steady stream of students making use of the riches they contain. During the war they were not taken away, as the task would have been too colossal, but they remained there and were not damaged at all. Now the buildings are again thronged with students. There are probably fifty or sixty there every day; and it is a curious fact that now quite half of that number are invariably Germans. They are maintaining their reputation for the painstaking and thorough nature of their researches, which they established before the war.

The whole collection under Cardinal Gasquet's charge contains, of course, many other manuscripts. There are thousands of bound volumes, and hundreds of thousands of loose manuscripts which are slowly being gathered up and bound into volumes. During the Middle Ages the collection suffered from successive pillagings; and the present mass of archives dates largely from the pontificate of Innocent III (1198–1216), though even these have suffered serious spoliation. Many were lost when they were being returned to Italy from Paris; and Cardinal Gasquet suggests that 'probably a large

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number of others intentionally went astray.' To this day, fragments of the straw in which they were packed at this time occasionally drop from the volumes.

The whole collection is now fairly well sorted, classified, and indexed, and by the end of the year will probably be available for the use of scholars.

*

THE CONQUEST OF STORMY ROCKALL

ROCKALL the unconquerable, the solitary little crag that thrusts its stubborn rocky head above the waters of the North Atlantic, 300 miles from the nearest land, has been completely explored at last. The conquerors are Dr. J. B. Charcot and his associates on the French naval vessel, the Pourquoi-Pas, who have effected a landing on the almost inaccessible sea-washed crag, made explorations, and brought off specimens of interest to biologists and geologists.

Rockall lies due west of the Hebrides, a single gigantic rock, the summit of a submerged mountain-peak, about a hundred metres in circumference where it breaks the sea, and rising only about twenty metres above its surface. So sheer are its sides and so fierce the waves about it, that there are only three recorded landings since the sixteenth century. No lighthouse can be built. It bears not a blade of grass, and the only inhabitants are the sea-birds, which find there the safest refuge in all the seven seas.

The first landing known to have been made was due to the daring of a sailor on the English frigate Endymion, which passed close to the rock in 1810, while in pursuit of a French brig. The next landing was in 1863, when a quarter-master on the English hydrographic vessel 'Porcupine' managed to get ashore and, like his predecessor, break off a few bits of the granite. In 1887, a pair of hardy fishermen from the Faroe Islands, men accustomed to clamber among the cliffs in quest of sea-birds and their eggs, contrived to scale the sheer sides of Rockall, and there is also a sixteenth-century legend of an Irish monk and navigator, Brennain Mac-Finlonga, better known as Saint Brandan, who had a meeting with a holy hermit at what may have been Rockall.

Three fragments of the rock, broken off as souvenirs by the explorers, came into the hands of English geologists, and M. A. Lacroix, Secretary of the French Academy of Sciences, finally secured a few grammes in a carefully sealed tube. Mineralogical examination of these minute fragments showed the stone to be an entirely new granite, upon which the name rockallite was bestowed. After this there were several attempts to land. Two small but carefully equipped expeditions were sent by the Royal Irish Academy in 1896, without success. The French navy also sent ships to Rockall, all of which encountered such stormy weather that landing was altogether out of the question.

Dr. Charcot managed to get men ashore by having the Pourquoi-Pas stand to at a safe distance, and sending two boats, one to make the landing and the other to render assistance in case of accident. After making several complete circuits of the rock, the party finally selected a spot on the south-southeast where they put two men ashore and then passed over hammers and other geological equipment, with which to take specimens. Two days later, another landing was made by two other men, one of whom was the expedition's artist, who made sketches and drawings of the rock itself and observations on the habits of the sea-birds living there. Specimens of the algæ growing on Rockall were secured later.

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The expedition sounded and dragged the sea-bottom about the rock, nearly meeting with a serious accident in doing so. The rock-specimens which it brought back to Paris have already enabled M. Lacroix to announce, in a preliminary paper read before the Academy of Sciences, that the original conclusions as to the mineralogy of Rockall must now be modified. Rockallite, which had keen thought to constitute the entire bulk of the submerged peak, now appears to form only a part of it, and the new specimens that have been brought back have enabled the French geologist accurately to place the rocks in the geological series.

✠

A MAORI FAITH-HEALER

WONDERFUL cures are said to have been wrought by Ratana, a Maori faith-healer who is at present touring New Zealand with several friends. At every town which contains Maoris in any number, he stops for a time to preach his gospel of faith.

One of the most amazing cures reported is that of a crippled European girl, who was brought in a taxi while Ratana was holding a special service. When he was asked to come to her at once, as she was in agonizing pain, Ratana replied, 'Tell her that, when this service is over, I will go to her. Go back to her and the pain will have ceased.' He was obeyed, and the girl's attendants are said to have found that the healer was quite right, though he had not as yet seen the girl. After the service he went to the motor, bade her rise and come to the church with him, and, though she had hitherto been unable to walk, she was able to walk with him to the church and returned with the full use of her legs. Ratana is said to have returned the fifty-pound note given by him a gentleman who came to him on crutches and left without their aid. He explained, 'I cannot accept payment. I am doing only my duty.'

The faith-healer has been very successful as an evangelist among the Waikato natives who have been obdurate to the pleas of the missionaries ever since they were attacked and defeated by white men who surprised them while they were at prayer on the Sabbath.

✠

BENEDETTO CROCE ON SHAKESPEARE

BENEDETTO CROCE, most stimulating of present-day philosophers, approaches Shakespearean criticism with qualities which (it is scarcely too much to say) have never before been brought to the task. A metaphysician and a student of ethics and æsthetics of the first rank, he is also a man of sturdy common sense, with a scientist's pronounced penchant for bluntly stating the facts as he sees them; and to these, he adds one more quality — all but unknown to scientists and rare among metaphysicians: he is a genuine lover of art and poetry for its own sake, not merely as a pretty specimen for the æstheticians dissecting-table.

Consequently his new book, *Ariosto, Shakespeare, and Corneille*, an English translation of which by Mr. Douglas Ainslie has just been published in London, is a contribution of distinct importance to the one field in English literature where it is especially difficult to make a new contribution of even minor value — Shakespearean criticism. For there are still things to be said about Shakespeare, and Signor Croce has many of them to say.

A large part of the essay on Shakespeare is controversial, a criticism of Shakespeare's critics and biographers, with whom the author deals sternly because, as he charges, they seek to rear too ambitious a biographical structure on the very slender foundation of

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known facts. He is equally stern with the critics who seek to trace in every incident of the plays a correspondence either to the life of the dramatist himself or to the events of his day.

The Italian critic somewhat underestimates the strong vein of patriotic sentiment which most people discern in Shakespeare, and in apparent indifference to such passages as the 'precious stone set in a silver sea,' he avers that the historical plays show only that Shakespeare had a 'keen interest in 'practical action,' and that 'this interest, finding its most suitable material in political and warlike conflicts, was naturally attracted to history, and to that especial form of it which was nearest to the soul and to the culture of the poet, of his people, and of his time, English and Roman history.'

The new book has in it a great deal of beautiful writing and some genuine and sincere passages of pure appreciation. Such various characters as Othello, Falstaff, Hotspur, and Cordelia are dealt with in a fashion which, whether for eloquence or perspicuity, it would be hard to better.

Of *King Lear* he says, "An infinite hatred for deceitful wickedness has inspired this work'; but he finds inspiration for it, also, in love and the love of goodness, as exemplified in Cordelia, "a true and complete goodness, not simply softness, mildness, and indulgence.' There is more than a suggestion of the philosopher's long pondering of the problem of evil in such a passage as this: —

> Why, why does not goodness triumph in the material world? And why, thus conquered, does she increase in beauty, evoke ever more disconsolate desire, until she is finally adored as something sacred? The tragedy of *King Lear* is penetrated throughout with this unexpressed yet anguished interrogation so full of the sense of the misery of life.

LOT 8: RUNNYMEDE

Lot 8: On the Manor Farm is Runnymede. The armies of King John and the Confederate Barons encamped here for the signing of the Magna Charta on June 15, 1215.

This brief item in the auctioneer's catalogue at the sale of former Crown lands has evoked a chorus of protest from the British press, which has been all the more bitter because the historic meadow was saved to the nation by the mere chance that there was no purchaser. The proposed sale was due to the programme of rigid economy instituted by the British Government to aid in solving post-war financial problems, which has led to the sale of various lands formerly appertaining to the Crown. No one seems to know who is responsible for placing on the list Runnymede.

If Runnymede had been sold, public indignation would probably have compelled its repurchase by the authorities. The present unanimous opposition of the press will undoubtedly result in the withdrawal from sale of the ancient site of the barons' camp, nearly a hundred acres in extent.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Esher, Viscount: *The Tragedy of Lord Kitchener*. London: John Murray. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.

Dumaine, Alfred: *La dernière Ambassade de France en Autriche*. Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 7*fr*.

The Classics in Education. Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the position of Classics in the Educational System of the United Kingdom. London. His Majesty's Stationery Office. 2*s*. net.

Croce, Benedetto: *Ariosto, Shakespeare, and Corneille*. Translated by Douglas Ainslie. Allen and Unwin. 10*s*.

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